A

COLLECTION

OF

HYMNS.

Extracted from various AUTHORS.

Let the Word of CHRIST dwell in you richly in all Wisdom; teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your Hearts to the LORD. Coll. iii. 16.

Speaking to yourselves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs, singing and making Melody in your Heart to the LORD. Eph. v. xix.

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PREFACE.

IT is very meet, right, and our bounden Duty, that we ſhould, at all Times, and in all Places, give Thanks unto thee, O LORD, Holy Father, Almighty, Everlaſting GOD.

But chiefly are we bound to praiſe Thee for thy Son JESUS CHRIST our LORD; for he is the very Paſchal Lamb which was offered for us, and hath taken away the Sin of the World; who by his Death hath deſtroyed Death, and by his riſing to Life again hath reſtored to us everlaſting Life.

Therefore with Angels, and Archangels, and with all the Company of Heaven, we laud and magnify thy glorious Name, evermore praiſing thee, and ſaying, Holy, Holy, Holy, LORD GOD of Hoſts, Heaven and Earth are full of

thy Glory. Glory be to thee, O LORD most High.

Worthy is the LAMB that was slain, to receive Power, and Riches, and Wisdom, and Strength, and Honour, and Blessing. Rev. v. 12.

A Col-

A COLLECTION OF HYMNS, &c.

HYMN I.

MEET and right it is to sing
Glory to our God and King:
Meet in every Time and Place,
To rehearse his solemn Praise.

Join, ye Saints, the Song around;
Angels help the chearful Sound;
Publish thro' the World abroad
Glory to th' eternal God.

Praises here to Thee we give,
Gracious Thou our Thanks receive;
Holy Father, Sov'reign Lord,
Ev'ry where be Thou ador'd.

Tho' th' injurious World exclaim,
Sing we still in Jesu's Name;
Saviour, Thee we ever bless,
Thee our Lord and God confess.

HYMN II.

Psalm XCV. 1.

AWAKE, and sing the Song
Of *Moses* and the LAMB,
Wake ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Tongue,
To praise the SAVIOUR's Name.

Sing of his dying Love,
Sing of his rising Pow'r,
Sing how He intercedes above
For those whose Sins he bore.

Sing till we feel our Hearts
Ascending with our Tongues,
Sing 'till the Love of Sin departs,
And Grace inspires our Songs.

Sing on your heav'nly Way,
Ye ransom'd Sinners sing,
Sing on, rejoicing ev'ry Day
In CHRIST th' eternal King.

Soon shall ye hear Him say,
" Ye blessed Children come;"
Soon will He call ye hence away,
And take his Wand'rers home.

HYMN III.

RICH Grace, free Grace, moſt ſweetly calls,
Directly come who will,
Juſt as you are; for CHRIST receives
Poor helpleſs Sinners ſtill.

'Tis Grace each Day that feeds our Souls,
Grace keeps us inly poor;
And O! that nothing elſe but Grace
May rule for evermore.

HYMN IV.

Zech. xiii. 1.

HOW ſad our State by Nature is,
Our Sin how deep it ſtains!
And Satan binds our captive Souls
Faſt in his ſlaviſh Chains.

But there's a Voice of ſov'reign Grace
Sounds from God's ſacred Word;
"Ho! ye deſpairing Sinners, come
"And truſt upon the LORD."

O may we hear th' Almighty Call,
And run to this Relief!
We would believe thy Promiſe, LORD,
O help our Unbelief!

To the bleſt Fountain of thy Blood
  Teach us, O LORD, to fly:
There may we waſh our ſpotted Souls,
  From Crimes of deepeſt Dye!

Poor, guilty, weak, and helpleſs Worms,
  Into thine Hands we fall;
Be Thou our Strength and Righteouſneſs,
  Our JESUS and our All.

HYMN V.

SINNERS attend, attend, I pray,
  And hear the Goſpel-Word;
Regard your Viſitation-Day,
  And entertain your LORD.

He calls unto the Sons of Men,
  His offer'd Grace to prove,
That they in ſeeking may attain
  Repentance, Faith, and Love.

Give me thy Heart, the Saviour cries,
  Juſtly he doth it claim;
Oh do not then his Call deſpiſe,
  But give it to the Lamb.

His Arms are open to receive
  Whoever to him flies;
Pardon and preſent Peace to give,
  And Love that never dies.

JESUS

JESUS our Prophet, Prieſt, and King,
Thou Friend of Sinners, come;
Deſcend, kind Comforter, and bring
The great Salvation down.

HYMN VI.

INVITATION.

SINNERS, obey the Goſpel-Word
Haſte to the Supper of your LORD,
Be wiſe to know your gracious Day,
All Things are ready, come away!

Ready the Father is to own
And kiſs his late-returning Son;
Ready the loving SAVIOUR ſtands,
And ſpreads for you his bleeding Hands.

Ready the Spirit of his Love,
Juſt now the ſtony Heart to move;
T' apply and witneſs with the Blood,
And waſh and ſeal you Sons of GOD.

Ready for you the Angels wait,
To triumph in your bleſt Eſtate;
Tuning their Harps, they long to praiſe
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

Come then, ye Sinners, to your LORD,
To Happineſs in CHRIST reſtor'd;
His offer'd Benefits embrace,
The Plenitude of Goſpel-Grace.

HYMN VII.

Isaiah lv. 1, &c.

HO! ev'ry one that thirsts, draw nigh,
('Tis God invites the fallen Race)
Mercy and free Salvation buy,
Buy Wine, and Milk, and Gospel-Grace.

Come to the living Waters, come,
Sinners, obey your Maker's Call;
Return, ye weary Wand'rers, home,
And find my Grace reach'd out to all.

See, from the Rock, a Fountain rise!
For you in healing Streams it rolls;
Money ye need not bring, nor Price,
Ye lab'ring, burthen'd, Sin-sick Souls.

Nothing ye in Exchange shall give;
Leave all you have, and are, behind;
Frankly the Gift of God receive,
Pardon, and Peace, in Jesus find.

HYMN VIII.

Luke xiv. 16.

COME, Sinners, to the Gospel-Feast,
Let ev'ry Soul be Jesu's Guest;
Ye need not one be left behind,
For God hath bidden all Mankind.

Do

Do not begin to make Excuſe,
Ah! do not ye his Grace refuſe;
This World's vain Cares and Luſts forſake,
What JESUS freely gives ye, take.

Have me excus'd, why will ye ſay,
From Health, and Life, and Liberty,
From all that is in JESUS giv'n,
From Pardon, Holineſs, and Heav'n.

Come then, ye Souls by Sin oppreſt,
Ye reſtleſs Wand'rers after Reſt,
Ye poor, and maim'd, and halt, and blind,
In CHRIST an hearty Welcome find.

Come, and partake the Goſpel-Feaſt,
Be ſav'd from Sin in JESU's Reſt,
O taſte the Goodneſs of our GOD,
And eat his Fleſh, and drink his Blood!

See him ſet forth before your Eyes,
Behold the bleeding Sacrifice!
His offer'd Love make haſte, embrace,
And freely now be ſav'd by Grace.

Ye who believe his Record true,
Shall ſup with Him, and He with you;
Come to the Feaſt, be ſav'd from Sin,
For JESUS waits to take you in.

This is the Time, no more delay,
This is the glorious Gospel-Day;
Come in this Moment at his Call,
And live to Him who dy'd for all.

HYMN IX.

O! That all may seek and find
Ev'ry Good in JESUS join'd!
Him let *Israel* still adore,
Trust Him, praise Him evermore.

HYMN X.

JESU, each blind and trembling Soul
Let thy soft Voice persuade,
In all Distress to come to Thee,
We need not be afraid.

Is Sin our Grief? Whatever Sin,
No Difference it makes,
'Tis all forgiven thro' that Blood
Thou sheddest for our Sakes.

Is Unbelief the Sin we feel?
Above all Sin accurst:
Yet when thou didst die for all Sins,
Thou didst include the worst.

Have we, which bitter is indeed,
Forsook thy Love when known?
Yet thou a gentle Master art,
Nor wilt the Weak disown.

Are

Are we o'erwhelm'd with Thought and Care?
Hath Sorrow ſeiz'd our Breaſt?
Tho' 'tis a Shame it ſhould be ſo,
Yet Thou wilt give us reſt.

Are we uncertain what's the Caſe,
But feel we are not right?
Our Hearts before Thee we muſt lay,
Be Children in thy Sight.

HYMN XI.

COME, ye Sinners, poor and wretched,
Weak and wounded, ſick and ſore,
JESUS ready ſtands to ſave you,
Full of Pity, Love, and Pow'r,
He is able,
He is willing, doubt no more.

Ho, ye Needy, come, and welcome,
GOD's free Bounty glorify:
True Belief and true Repentance,
Ev'ry Grace, that brings us nigh,
Without Money
Come to JESUS CHRIST and buy.

Let not Conſcience make you linger,
Nor of Fitneſs fondly dream;
All the Fitneſs he requireth,
Is to feel your Need of him.
This he gives you,
'Tis the Spirit's glim'ring Beam.

Come ye weary heavy laden,
Bruis'd and mangled by the Fall,
If you tarry 'till you're better,
You will never come at all.
Not the Righteous,
Sinners JESUS came to call.

Agonizing in the Garden,
Lo! your Maker proſtrate lies!
On the bloody Tree behold him,
Hear him cry, before he dies,
"It is finiſh'd."
Sinner wilt not this ſuffice?

Lo! th' incarnate GOD aſcended,
Pleads the Merits of his Blood;
Venture on him, venture wholly,
Let no other Truſt intrude.
None but JESUS
Can do helpleſs Sinners Good.

Saints and Angels join'd in Concert,
Sing the Praiſes of the Lamb,
While the bliſsful Seats of Heaven
Sweetly eccho with his Name.
Hallelujah!
Sinners here may do the ſame.

HYMN

HYMN XII.

COme, deſcend, O heav'nly Spirit,
Fan each Spark into a Flame;
Bleſſings let us now inherit,
Bleſſings that we cannot name.
Whilſt Hoſannahs we are ſinging,
May our Hearts in Rapture move;
Feel freſh Grace in them ſtill ſpringing;
Breath the Air of pureſt Love.

Let us ſail in Grace's Ocean,
Float on that unbounded Sea;
Guided into pure Devotion,
Kept from Paths of Error free:
On thy heavenly Manna feeding,
Screen'd from ev'ry envious Foe.
Love, O Love, for Sinners bleeding,
All for Thee I would forego.

Keep us, LORD, ſtill in Communion
Daily nearer drawn to Thee;
Sinking in the ſweeteſt Union
Of that Heart-felt Myſtery:
Keep us ſafe from each Deluſion,
Well protected from all Harms;
Free from Sin and all Confuſion:
Circle us within thine Arms.

HYMN XIII.

CHRIST our Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification, and Redemption. 1 Cor. i. 30.

BUry'd in Shadows of the Night,
We lie till CHRIST restores the Light;
Wisdom descends to heal the Blind,
And chace the Darkness of the Mind.

Lost guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears,
'Till the attoning Blood appears;
Then they awake from deep Distress,
And sing the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS:

JESUS beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains;
He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks
The Iron Bondage from our Necks.

Poor helpless Worms in Thee possess
Grace, Wisdom, Power, and Righteousness:
Thou art our mighty All, may we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee!

HYMN XIV.

O LORD, how great's the Favour!
That we such Sinners poor,
Can thro' thy Blood's sweet Savour
Approach thy Mercy's Door,

And

And find an open Paſſage
Unto the Throne of Grace,
There wait the welcome Meſſage
That bids us go in Peace.

Lord, we are helpleſs Creatures,
Full of the deepeſt Need,
Throughout defil'd by Nature,
Stupid, and inly dead;
Our Strength is perfect Weakneſs,
And all we have is Sin,
Our Hearts are all Uncleanneſs,
A Den of Thieves within.

In this forlorn Condition,
Who ſhall afford us Aid!
Where ſhall we find Compaſſion,
But in the Church's Head?
Jesus thou art all Pity,
Oh take us to thine Arms,
And exerciſe thy Mercy,
To ſave us from all Harms.

We'll never ceaſe repeating
Our numberleſs Complaints,
But ever be intreating
The glorious King of Saints;
'Till we attain the Image
Of Him we inly love,
And pay our grateful Homage
With all the Saints above.

Then

Then we, with all in Glory,
Shall thankfully relate
Th' amazing pleasing Story,
Of JESU's Love so great.
In this blest Contemplation
We shall for ever dwell,
And prove such Consolation
As none below can tell.

HYMN XV.

LORD make me faithful to my Call,
In Heart still truly give up all,
Myself to Thee resign:
When Dangers threaten me around,
Invincible may I be found,
Never thy Will decline.

My Feet with holy Oil anoint,
The destin'd Path, thou dost appoint,
Gladly I then will tread:
Bedew me with a genial Show'r,
Into my Heart thy Influence pour,
With living Manna feed.

A single Eye, a faithful Heart,
My JESUS, to thy Child impart
In ev'ry trying Hour:
Reas'ning's tormenting Thoughts prevent,
Still keep my Eye on Thee intent
'Till Sight my Faith o'erpow'r.

HYMN

HYMN XVI.

THINK now, dear Jesus, on thy Pain,
The Toil and Smart thou didst sustain
To ransom my poor Heart:
Kindly, dear Lamb, return and come,
And make my Heart thy constant Home,
Nor evermore depart.

No more let sable Clouds of Night
Arise, to intercept my Light,
Or Earth my Heart detain:
By thy dear Cross still let me stay,
Here let me sing myself away,
And die to live again.

HYMN XVII.

LIGHT of those whose dreary Dwelling
Borders on the Shades of Death,
Come! and by thy Love's revealing,
Dissipate the Clouds beneath:
The new Heav'n and Earth's Creator,
In our deepest Darkness rise!
Scatt'ring all the Night of Nature,
Pow'ring Eye-Sight on our Eyes!

Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and Joy Thy Beams impart,
Chasing all our Fears, and chearing
Ev'ry poor benighted Heart:

Come,

Come, and manifeſt the Favour,
God hath for our ranſom'd Race;
Come! Thou univerſal Saviour!
Come! and bring the Goſpel-Grace!

Save us in thy great Compaſſion,
O Thou mild pacific Prince!
Give the Knowledge of Salvation,
Give the Pardon of our Sins!
By thine all-reſtoring Merit,
Ev'ry burthen'd Soul releaſe,
Ev'ry weary, wand'ring Spirit,
Guide into thy perfect Peace.

HYMN XVIII.

O JESUS, my Saviour, I fain would embrace
Thy Name and thy Nature, thy Spirit and Grace,
And trace the dear Footſteps of Jesus my Lord,
And glory in Him whom the Nations abhorr'd.

O Wonder of Wonders! aſtoniſh'd I gaze,
To ſee in the Manger the Antient of Days;
And Angels proclaiming the Stranger forlorn,
And telling the Shepherds that Jesus is born.

My God, my Creator, the Heav'ns did bow,
To ranſom Offenders, and ſtoop'd very low;
The Body prepar'd by his Father aſſumes,
And on the kind Errand moſt joyfully comes.

For

For Thousands of Sinners the LORD bow'd his Head,
While hanging an Ensign in Garments so red:
My Spirit rejoices, the Work it is done;
My Soul is redeemed, Salvation is won.

My GOD is returned to Glory on high,
When Death makes a Passage, then to him I'll fly,
And gladly will leave all my Brethren behind,
Expecting in Glory we all shall be join'd.

HYMN XIX.

MERCY, good LORD, Mercy I ask,
This is the total Sum,
For Mercy, LORD, is all my Suit;
LORD, let thy Mercy come.

HYMN XX.

The poor Sinner.

GOD of my Salvation, hear,
And help me to believe;
Simply do I now draw near,
Thy Blessing to receive.
Full of Guilt, alas! I am,
But to thy Wounds for Refuge flee:
Friend of Sinners, spotless LAMB,
Thy Blood was shed for me.

Nothing have I, LORD, to pay,
Nor can thy Grace procure;
Empty send me not away,
For I, thou know'st, am poor:

Duſt and Aſhes is my Name,
My All is Sin and Miſery:
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

Without Money, without Price,
I come thy Love to buy;
From myſelf I turn my Eyes,
The chief of Sinners I.
Take, O take me as I am,
And let me loſe myſelf in Thee:
Friend of Sinners, ſpotleſs LAMB,
Thy Blood was ſhed for me.

HYMN XXI.

Blind Bartimeus. Luke xviii. 35.

LORD, if now thou paſſeſt by me,
Stand and call me unto thee;
Freely, fully juſtify me,
Give me Eyes thy Love to ſee;
Love that brought Thee down from Heaven,
Made my GOD a Man of Grief:
Let it ſhew my Sins forgiven;
Help, O Help mine Unbelief!

Long I for thy Love have waited,
Begging ſat by the Way Side,
Still I am not new created,
Still I am not ſanctify'd.

Thou,

Thou, O Lord, in great Compaſſion,
Haſt in Part my Sight reſtor'd;
Shew me all thy full Salvation,
Make the Servant as his Lord.

HYMN XXII.

Holy Lamb who Thee receive,
Who in Thee begin to live,
Day and Night they cry to Thee,
As Thou art ſo let us be!

Fix, O fix each wav'ring Mind,
To thy Croſs our Spirit bind;
Earthly Paſſions far remove;
Perfect all our Souls in Love.

Duſt and Aſhes tho' we be,
Full of Guilt and Miſery!
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the Purchaſe of thy Blood.

Boundleſs Wiſdom, Pow'r divine,
Love unſpeakable are Thine;
Praiſe by all to Thee be giv'n,
Sons of Earth and Hoſts of Heav'n!

HYMN. XXIII.

Dearest Jesus, come to me,
And abide eternally;
Worthy Friend of Sinners, come,
Fill and make my Heart thy Home.

Oftentimes for Thee I ſigh,
Nothing elſe can give me Joy:
This is ſtill my Cry to Thee,
Deareſt JESUS, come to me.

Could I clearly ſee above,
What thy Saints poſſeſs in Love,
All would be but Miſery,
Except JESUS was with me.

SON of GOD, my deareſt LORD,
All my Crown and my Reward:
Thou who freely dy'dſt for me,
Shalt alone my Bridegroom be.

HYMN XXIV.

Iſaiah xl. 29.

SON of GOD! thy Bleſſing grant,
Still ſupply my ev'ry Want,
Tree of Life, thine Influence ſhed,
With thy Sap my Spirit feed!

Tend'reſt Branch, alas! am I,
Wither without Thee and die:
Weak as helpleſs Infancy,
O confirm my Soul in Thee!

Unſuſtain'd by Thee I fall,
Send the Strength for which I call!
Weaker than a bruiſed Reed,
Help I ev'ry Moment need.

All my Hopes on Thee depend,
Love me! ſave me! to the End!
Give me the continuing Grace,
Take the everlaſting Praiſe.

HYMN XXV.

I Know the Weakneſs of my Soul,
But Jesus is my Stay;
My kind Redeemer has engag'd
To lead me in the Way.

HYMN XXVI.

ALmighty God of Truth and Love!
In me thy Pow'r exert,
The Mountain from my Soul remove,
The Hardneſs of mine Heart:
My moſt obdurate Heart ſubdue,
In Honour to thy Son,
And now the gracious Wonder ſhew,
And take away the Stone.

I want a Principle within,
Of jealous godly Fear;
A Senſibility of Sin,
A Pain to feel it near;
I want the firſt Approach to feel
Of Pride or vain Deſire,
To catch the Wand'rings of my Will,
And quench the kindling Fire.

From Thee that I no more may part,
No more Thy Goodneſs grieve!
The filial Awe, the fleſhly Heart,
The tender Conſcience give:
Quick as the Apple of an Eye,
O God! my Conſcience make,
Awake my Soul when Sin is nigh,
And keep it ſtill awake.

HYMN XXVII.

A Prayer for Faith.

FATHER I ſtretch mine Hands to Thee,
No other Help I know:
If Thou withdraw Thyſelf from me,
Ah! whither ſhall I go!

What did thine only Son endure
Before I drew my Breath?
What Pain, what Labour, to ſecure
My Soul from endleſs Death!

O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now ſhould feel thy Pow'r;
Now my poor Soul Thou wouldſt retrieve,
Nor let me wait one Hour.

Author of Faith, to Thee I lift
My weary longing Eyes;
O let me now receive that Gift!
My Soul without it dies.

HYMN

HYMN XXVIII.

MY Saviour, thou didſt ſhed
Thy precious Blood for me;
O dwell within my worthleſs Heart,
And let me live to Thee.

Thou calleſt all, O LORD,
To come to Thee and live;
I therefore come with all my Sins,
I know thou can'ſt forgive.

My LORD and SAVIOUR dear!
I long to ſee thy Face;
To know Thee more and more by Faith,
And daily grow in Grace.

And when this Life is o'er,
O may I dwell with Thee,
Still worſhiping the bleſſed LAMB,
Who liv'd and dy'd for me.

HYMN XXIX.

O Come, thou wounded LAMB of GOD!
Come waſh us in thy cleanſing Blood,
Give us to know thy Love, then Pain
Is ſweet, and Life or Death is Gain.

Take our poor Hearts, and let them be
For ever clos'd to all but Thee:
Seal Thou our Breaſts, and let us wear
That Pledge of Love for ever There.

How

How can it be, thou heav'nly King,
That Thou shou'dst us to Glory bring!
Make Slaves the Partners of thy Throne,
Deck'd with a never-fading Crown.

Ah, Lord! enlarge our scanty Thought,
To know the Wonders Thou hast wrought,
Unloose our stam'ring Tongue to tell,
Thy Love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many Brethren Thou,
To Thee both Earth and Heav'n must bow;
Help us to Thee, our All to give,
Thine may we die, thine may we live.

HYMN XXX.

Psalm cxxxi. *Matt.* ii. 29.

LORD, if Thou thy Grace impart,
Poor in Spirit, meek in Heart,
I shall as my Master be,
Rooted in Humility.

From the Time that Thee I know
Nothing would I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in Heart and Eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Chang'd into a little Child,
Pleas'd with all the LORD provides,
Wean'd from all the World besides.

Father!

Father! fix my Soul on Thee,
Ev'ry Evil let me flee,
Nothing want beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy Love!

O! that all may ſeek and find
Ev'ry Good in JESUS join'd!
Him let *Iſrael* ſtill adore,
Truſt Him, praiſe Him evermore.

HYMN XXXI.

O! How ſhall I eſcape and flee
Th' avenging Wrath of GOD?
In CHRIST who bore upon the Tree
That whole amazing Load.

But where's my Title, Right, and Claim,
To that eternal Bliſs?
In CHRIST alone, that glorious Name,
THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

May not my Spirit, weak as Graſs,
Fail e'er it reach the Length?
JESUS, the LORD, thy Righteouſneſs,
Will be the LORD thy Strength.

What Ground have I to truſt and ſay,
The Promiſe is not vain?
In CHRIST the Promiſes are yea,
In CHRIST they are Amen.

Salvation

Salvation-Work is great and high,
Alas! what ſhall I do?
CHRIST as the Alpha thereof eye,
And the Omega too.

How can he anſwer ev'ry Caſe,
And ſave us from our Fall?
Becauſe he is the LORD of Grace,
JEHOVAH, All in All.

HYMN XXXII.

GRACE how exceeding ſweet to thoſe
Who wretched Sinners are;
Sunk and diſtreſt, they taſte and know
Their Heav'n is only there.
Thus Grace, free Grace, moſt ſweetly calls,
"Directly come who will,
"Juſt as you are; for CHRIST receives
"Poor helpleſs Sinners ſtill."

All we, who now are his, were firſt
Deeply convinc'd of Sin;
Each felt the Plague of his own Heart,
The Leproſy within:
Then Life and Righteouſneſs divine
Were through our JESUS giv'n;
Thus we a happy People are,
Coheirs with CHRIST of Heav'n.

Now

Now, dearest LORD, we inly pray,
  That in thy Service we
May active, holy, faithful prove,
  Deriving Strength from Thee.
O let us still in Thee abide,
  For Babes we are most weak;
Poor Sinners still, who, without Thee,
  Can nought act, think, or speak.

We thirst, O LORD; give us this Day
  To taste more of this Grace,
More of that Stream which from the Rock
  Flow'd thro' the Wilderness.
'Tis Grace alone that feeds our Souls,
  Grace keeps us inly poor;
And oh! that nothing else but Grace
  May rule for evermore.

Where'er eternal Life is giv'n,
  This Thirst the same will be;
The Heart will after JESUS pant
  To all Eternity.
How great thy Love and Faithfulness
  Antient and late, O LORD!
O may thy Grace at all Times be
  Here and in Heav'n ador'd.

HYMN XXXIII.

SALVATION.

SALVATION! O the joyful Sound!
What Pleasure to our Ears!
A sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,
A Cordial for our Fears.

Salvation! let the Eccho fly
The spacious Earth around,
While all the Armies of the Sky
Conspire to raise the Sound!

Salvation! O thou bleeding LAMB,
To Thee the Praise belongs.
Salvation shall inspire our Hearts,
And dwell upon our Tongues.

HYMN XXXIV.

HAIL, ALPHA and OMEGA, hail,
Author of all our Faith,
The Finisher of all our Hopes,
The Truth, the Life, the Path.

Hail first and last, the Morning Star,
In whom we live and move,
Increase our little Spark of Faith,
And purify our Love.

Let that Belief which JESUS taught
Be treasur'd in our Breast;
The Evidence of unseen Joys,
The Substance of our Rest.

O let us go from Strength to Strength,
From Grace to greater Grace,
From one Degree of Faith to more,
Till we behold thy Face.

HYMN XXXV.

NOW begin the Heav'nly Theme,
Sing aloud in JESU's Name,
Ye who JESU's Kindneſs prove
Triumph in REDEEMING LOVE.

Ye, who ſee the Father's Grace
Beaming in the SAVIOUR's Face,
As to *Canaan* on ye move,
Praiſe and bleſs REDEEMING LOVE.

Mourning Souls dry up your Tears,
Baniſh all your guilty Fears,
See your Guilt and Curſe remove,
Cancell'd by REDEEMING LOVE.

Ye, alas! who long have been
Willing Slaves to Death and Sin,
Now from Bliſs no longer rove,
Stop—and taſte REDEEMING LOVE.

Welcome all by Sin oppreſt,
Welcome to His ſacred Reſt,
Nothing brought Him from above,
Nothing but REDEEMING LOVE.

He

He ſubdu'd th' infernal Pow'rs,
His tremendous Foes and ours,
From their curſed Empire drove,
Mighty in REDEEMING LOVE.

Hither then your Muſick bring,
Strike aloud each joyful String,
Mortals join the Hoſts above,
Join to praiſe REDEEMING LOVE.

HYMN XXXVI.

MY Lord, I'm fill'd with Wonder
To find Thee ſtill ſo kind,
When I intenſely ponder
The Coldneſs of my Mind;
My numberleſs Omiſſions,
My Negligence in Pray'r,
My manifold Commiſſions,
And Wand'rings here and there.

How many vile Affections,
Surviving vex my Heart;
How ſtrong are theſe Corruptions,
Which, warring, give me Smart;
The World, the Fleſh, and Devil,
Strive to uſurp the Sway;
Still tempting me to Evil,
To lead my Soul aſtray.

Instead of loud Thanksgiving,
Wherein I should abound,
I'm subject to Complaining,
When Trials me surround:
My want of Resignation
Disorders me within,
Gives Birth unto Temptation,
To Unbelief and Sin.

But soon I am ashamed
Such Thoughts to entertain;
Why should my LORD be blamed,
When in the Fault I am?
'Tis thine to be forgiving
The penitential Race,
And mine to be receiving
The Bounties of thy Grace.

HYMN XXXVII.

It is I, be not afraid. John vi. 20.

UNclean! unclean! and full of Sin,
From first to last, alas! I've been;
Deceitful is my Heart.
Guilt presses down my burden'd Soul,
But JESUS can the Waves controul,
And bids my Fear depart.

When first I heard his Word of Grace,
Ungratefully I hid my Face,
Ungratefully delay'd:

At length his Voice more pow'rful came,
" 'Tis I, he cry'd, I'm still the same,
" You need not be afraid."

My Heart was changed in that Hour,
My Soul confess'd his mighty Pow'r,
Out flow'd the briny Tear:
I listen'd still to hear his Voice,
Again he said, " In me rejoice,
" 'Tis I, you need not fear."

" Unworthy of thy Love," I cry'd,
" Freely I love," he soon reply'd,
" On me thy Faith be stay'd,
" On me for ev'ry Thing depend,
" I'm Jesus still, the Sinner's Friend,
" You need not be afraid."

HYMN XXXVIII.

Veni Creator.

COME, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,
Kindle a Flame of sacred Love
In these cold Hearts of ours.

Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly Toys;
Our Souls how heavily they go
To reach eternal Joys.

In vain we tune our formal Songs,
  In vain we ſtrive to riſe;
Hoſannah's languiſh on our Tongues,
  And our Devotion dies.

Dear LORD! and ſhall we ever live
  At this poor dying Rate;
Our Love ſo faint, ſo cold to Thee,
  And Thine to us ſo great?

Come, holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
  With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs;
Come, ſhed abroad a SAVIOUR's Love,
  And that ſhall kindle ours.

HYMN XXXIX.

Panting after GOD. Pſalm xlii. 1.

THOU hidden Love of GOD, whoſe Height,
  Whoſe Depth unfathom'd no Man knows,
I ſee from far thy beauteous Light,
Inly I ſigh for thy Repoſe;
My Heart is pain'd, nor can it be
At Reſt, till it find Reſt in Thee.

Is there a Thing beneath the Sun,
That ſtrives with Thee my Heart to ſhare!
Ah! tear it thence, and reign alone
The LORD of ev'ry Motion there:
Then ſhall my Heart from Earth be free,
When it has found Repoſe in Thee.

O hide this Self from me, that I
No more, but CHRIST in me, may live!
My vile Affections crucify,
Nor let one darling Luſt ſurvive:
In all Things nothing may I ſee,
Nothing deſire or ſeek but Thee.

O LOVE, thy ſov'reign Aid impart,
To ſave me from low-thoughted Care:
Chace this Self-will through all my Heart,
Through all its latent Mazes there:
Make me thy duteous Child, that I,
Ceaſeleſs may, *Abba Father*, cry.

Each Moment draw from Earth away
My Heart, that lowly waits thy Call;
Speak to my inmoſt Soul, and ſay
I am thy Love, thy GOD, thy All:
To feel thy Pow'r, to hear thy Voice,
To taſte thy Love, be all my Choice.

HYMN XL.

JESU, JESU, King of Saints,
Known to Thee are all my Wants;
Self-convicted, ſelf-abhorr'd,
I approach Thee, dearest LORD,

Known to Thee whoſe Eyes are Flame,
I thy Love and Pity claim;
With an Eye of Love look down,
Help, O help me very ſoon.

Still

Still I feel a fleſhy Part,
Much Corruption in my Heart;
Oh! I'm very vile indeed,
Of thy Blood I ſure have Need.

Break, O break this Heart of Stone,
Form it for thy Uſe alone;
Bid each Vanity depart,
Build thy Temple in my Heart.

This be my Support in Need,
That thou didſt ſo freely bleed;
All my Hopes and Joys ariſe
From thy bloody Sacrifice.

This confirms me when I'm weak,
Comforts me when I am ſick;
Gives me Courage when I faint,
Well ſupplies my ev'ry Want.

SAVIOUR, to my Heart be near,
Exerciſe the Shepherd's Care;
Guard my Weakneſs by thy Grace,
Let me feel a conſtant Peace.

HYMN XLI.

For one under Temptation.

JESU, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to thy Boſom fly,
While the nearer Waters roll,
While the Tempeſt ſtill is high;

Hide me, O my SAVIOUR hide,
  Till the Storm of Life is paſt;
Safe into the Haven guide,
  O receive my Soul at laſt!

Other Refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpleſs Soul on Thee,
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still ſupport and comfort me:
All my Truſt on Thee is ſtay'd,
  All mine Help from Thee I bring,
Cover my defenceleſs Head
  With the Shadow of thy Wing.

Thou, O CHRIST, art all I want,
  More than all in Thee I find:
Raiſe the Fall'n, chear the Faint,
  Heal the Sick, and lead the Blind.
Juſt and holy is thy Name,
  I am all Unrighteouſneſs!
Vile, and full of Sin I am,
  Thou art full of Truth and Grace.

Plenteous Grace with Thee is found,
  Grace to pardon all my Sin,
Let the healing Streams abound,
  Make, and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
  Freely let me take of Thee,
Spring Thou up within mine Heart,
  Riſe to all Eternity.

HYMN

HYMN XLII.

1 John iv. 16. *latter Part.*

LOVE divine, all Love excelling,
Joy of Heav'n to Earth come down!
Fix in us thy humble Dwelling,
All thy faithful Mercies crown.
JESUS! Thou art all Compassion,
Pure unbounded Love Thou art,
Visit us with thy Salvation,
Enter ev'ry trembling Heart!

Breathe! O breathe thy loving Spirit
Into ev'ry troubled Breast!
Let us all in Thee inherit,
Let us find thy promis'd Rest:
Take away the Pow'r of sinning,
Alpha and Omega be,
End of Faith, as its Beginning,
Set our Hearts at Liberty.

Come! Almighty to deliver,
Let us all thy Love receive!
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more thy Temples leave!
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as thine Hosts above,
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in thy precious Love.

Finiſh then thy new Creation,
Pure unſpotted may we be,
Let us ſee thy great Salvation,
Perfectly reſtor'd by Thee!
Chang'd from Glory into Glory,
'Till in Heav'n we take our Place,
'Till we caſt our Crowns before Thee,
Loſt in Wonder, Love, and Praiſe.

HYMN XLIII.

CEASE to doubt each trembling Heart,
JESUS bids your Fears depart;
Patient wait on JESU's Call;
JESU's Love is all in all.

HYMN XLIV.

HOW ſhall I ſpeak my SAVIOUR's Worth,
Or tell the Love he bears to me!
Shall I begin to ſing his Birth,
And follow him to *Calvary?*

Yes, this I'll tell my Brethren dear,
And call them to receive his Grace,
For now his Righteouſneſs is near,
And free for all the fallen Race.

His tender Arms are open ſtill,
Returning Sinners to receive;
Steady his Mind and fix'd his Will,
To ſave whoever ſhall believe.

Ye Sinners to the Refuge fly,
  His Wounds, a Covert from the Storm;
Why ſhould you languiſh here and die,
  When ſav'd you may be from all Harm?

He waits with Pardons in his Hand,
  And longs that you the ſame might ſhare,
Come, Sinners, at his mild Command,
  His Name forbids your Hearts to fear.

HYMN XLV.

CHRIST's Commiſſion.

RAISE your triumphant Songs
  To an immortal Tune;
Let the wide Earth reſound the Deeds
  Celeſtial Grace has done.

Sing how eternal Love
  Its chief Beloved choſe,
And bid him raiſe our wretched Race
  From their Abyſs of Woes.

His Hand no Thunder bears,
  No Terror cloaths his Brow;
No Bolts to drive our guilty Souls
  To fiercer Flames below.

'Twas Mercy fill'd the Throne,
  And Wrath ſtood ſilent by,
When CHRIST was ſent with Pardons down
  To Rebels doom'd to die.

Now

Now Sinners dry your Tears,
Let hopeleſs Sorrow ceaſe:
Bow to the Scepter of his Love,
And take the offer'd Peace.

May we obey the Call!
And lay an humble Claim
To the Salvation he hath bought,
And love and praiſe his Name.

HYMN XLVI.

Praiſe to the REDEEMER.

PLUNG'D in a Gulph of dark Deſpair
We wretched Sinners lay,
Without one chearful Beam of Hope,
One Spark of glim'ring Day,

With pitying Eyes, the Prince of Grace
Beheld our helpleſs Grief,
He ſaw, and (O amazing Love!)
He came to our Relief.

Down from the ſhining Seats above,
With joyful Haſte he fled,
Enter'd the Grave in mortal Fleſh,
And dwelt among the Dead.

Oh! for this Love let Rocks and Hills
Their laſting Silence break,
And all harmonious human Tongues
The SAVIOUR's Praiſes ſpeak!

Angels

Angels assist our humble Joys,
Strike all your Harps of Gold;
But when you raise your highest Notes,
His Love can ne'er be told!

HYMN XLVII.

NOW I'll sing of JESU's Merit,
Tell the World of his dear Name,
That, if any want his Spirit,
He is still the very same.
He that asketh soon receiveth,
He that seeks is sure to find;
Come, for whosoe'er believeth,
He will never cast behind.

HYMN XLVIII.

Offices of CHRIST.

JOIN all the glorious Names
Of Wisdom, Love, and Pow'r,
That Mortals ever knew,
That Angels ever bore;
All are too mean
To speak his Worth,
Too mean to set
Our SAVIOUR forth.

But, Oh! what gentle Terms,
What condescending Ways,
Doth our REDEEMER use
To teach his heav'nly Grace!

My

My Soul, with Joy
And Wonder ſee,
What Forms of Love
He bears for Thee.

Great Prophet of our God,
Our Tongues would bleſs thy Name;
By Thee the joyful News
Of our Salvation came:
The joyful News
Of Sins forgiv'n,
Of Hell ſubdu'd,
And Peace with Heav'n.

Jesus our great High-Prieſt
Offer'd his Blood and dy'd!
Thou guilty Sinner ſeek
No Sacrifice beſide:
His pow'rful Blood
Did once atone,
And now it pleads
Before the Throne.

Thou dear Almighty Lord!
Our Conqu'ror and our King!
Thy Scepter and thy Sword,
Thy reigning Grace we ſing:
Thine is the Pow'r;
O may we ſit,
In willing Bonds,
Beneath thy Feet.

HYMN XLIX.

ARRAY'D in mortal Flesh,
Lo, the great Angel stands!
And holds the Promises
And Pardons in his Hands:
Commission'd from
His Father's Throne,
To make his Grace
To Mortals known

Be Thou our Counsellor,
Our Pattern, and our Guide!
And through this desart Land
Still keep me near thy Side!
O let our Feet
Ne'er run astray,
Nor rove, nor seek
The crooked Way.

We'd hear our Shepherd's Voice,
Whose watchful Eye doth keep
Poor wand'ring Souls among
The Thousands of his Sheep:
He feeds his Flock,
He calls their Names,
His Bosom bears
The tender Lambs.

To this dear Surety's Hands,
My Soul, commend thy Cause,
He answers and fulfills
His *Father's* broken Laws:
Believing Souls
Now free are set,
For CHRIST hath paid
Their dreadful Debt.

Then let our Souls arise,
And tread the Tempter down;
Our Captain leads us forth
To Conquest and a Crown:
March on! nor fear
To win the Day,
Tho' Death and Hell
Obstruct the Way.

HYMN L.

THIS was Compassion like a GOD,
That, when the SAVIOUR knew,
The Price of Pardon was his Blood,
His Pity ne'er withdrew.

He sunk beneath our heavy Woes,
To raise us to his Throne:
There's not a Gift his Hand bestows,
But cost his Heart a Groan.

Now tho' he reigns exalted high,
His Love is ſtill as great:
Well he remembers *Calvary*,
Nor will his Saints forget.

Here we receive repeated Seals
Of JESU's dying Love:
Hard is the Wretch that never feels
One ſoft Affection move.

Here let our Hearts begin to melt,
While we his Death record,
And with our Joy for pardon'd Guilt,
Mourn that we pierc'd the LORD.

HYMN LI.

Heb. x. 4, 10.

Faith in CHRIST our Sacrifice.

NOT all the Blood of Beaſts
On *Jewiſh* Altars ſlain,
Could give the guilty Conſcience Peace,
Or waſh away the Stain.

But CHRIST, the heav'nly LAMB,
Takes all our Sins away;
A Sacrifice of nobler Name,
And richer Blood than they!

My

My Faith would lay its Hand
  On that dear Head of thine,
While, like a Penitent, I ſtand,
  And there confeſs my Sin.

My Soul looks back to ſee
  The Burdens Thou didſt bear,
When hanging on th' accurſed Tree,
  And hopes her Guilt was there.

Believing we rejoice
  To ſee the Curſe remove,
We bleſs the LAMB with chearful Voice,
  And ſing his bleeding Love.

HYMN LII.

The LORD hath laid on Him the Iniquity of us all.
Iſaiah liii. 6.

ARISE, my Soul! with Wonder ſee
  What Love divine for thee hath done,
Behold thy Sorrow, Sin, and Grief,
Are laid on GOD's eternal Son.

See! from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingling down,
Did e'er ſuch Love, ſuch Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compoſe ſo bright a Crown?

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall;
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

HYMN LIII.

Lam. i. 12.

ALL ye that paſs by,
To JESUS draw nigh;
To you is it nothing that JESUS ſhould die?
Your Ranſom and Peace,
Your Surety he is;
Come ſee if there ever was Sorrorw like his.

For what you have done
His Blood muſt atone,
The Father hath puniſh'd for you his dear Son:
The LORD, in the Day
Of his Anger, did lay
Our Sins on the LAMB, and He bore them away.

He anſwer'd for all;
O come at his Call,
And low at his Croſs with Aſtoniſhment fall;
But lift up your Eyes,
At JESUS's Cries,
Impaſſive he ſuffers, Immortal he dies!

For you and for me
He pray'd on the Tree,
The Pray'r is accepted, the Sinner is free;
The Sinner am I,
Who on JESUS rely,
And come for the Pardon GOD cannot deny.

My

My Pardon I claim,
For a Sinner I am,
A Sinner believing in JESUS's Name;
He purchas'd the Grace,
Which now I embrace,
O *Father*, Thou know'ſt he hath dy'd in my Place.

His Death is my Plea,
My Advocate ſee,
And hear the Blood ſpeak that hath anſwer'd for me;
Aequitted I was
When he bled on the Croſs,
And by loſing his Life he hath carry'd my Cauſe.

HYMN LIV.

ALAS! and did my SAVIOUR bleed?
And did my Sov'reign die?
Would he devote that ſacred Head
For ſuch a Worm as I?

Was it for Crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the Tree?
Amazing Pity! Grace unknown!
And Love beyond Degree!

Well might the Sun in Darkneſs hide
And ſhut his Glories in,
When GOD the mighty Maker dy'd
For Man his Creature's Sin!

Thus

Thus might I hide my blushing Face,
While thy dear Cross appears;
Dissolve my Heart in Thankfulness,
And melt my Eyes to Tears.

But Drops of Grief can ne'er repay
That Debt of Love I owe;
Here, LORD, I give myself away,
'Tis all that I can do.

HYMN LV.

O Patient, spotless LAMB,
My Heart in Patience keep
To bear the Cross so easy made,
By wounding Thee so deep.

Bring me, my Shepherd, where
Thy choicest Flocks abide,
From wand'ring save my foolish Heart,
And keep it near thy Side.

My Friend, thou hast enough
My Mis'ry to relieve:
Tho' Sin and Guilt oppress me sore,
The Balm is Thine to give.

Be Thou my All in All,
O fix my Faith on Thee,
And manifest that richest Grace,
Thy dying Love, to me.

HYMN LVI.

O Dearest Lord, give me a Heart,
Inflam'd with Love to Thee,
That, through thy tedious Toil and Smart,
My Soul may happy be.

I want, O Lord, from Sin to flee,
And in thy Wounds to rest.
Bid me by Faith come near to Thee,
And lean upon thy Breast.

Still let a Sense of what Thou'st done
In my hard Heart be felt,
That by this Love which Thou hast shown,
My inmost Soul may melt.

Oh! may I never, never faint,
But soar on Wings of Love,
'Till in thy Glory, as a Saint,
I sing with Saints above.

Lord, I would now my All give up
To Thee, whom I adore;
And, humbly falling at thy Feet,
Proclaim thy Love and Pow'r.

HYMN LVII.

O LOVE, come ſweetly bind me
To thy ſo pierced Side,
And evermore remind me,
That thou for me haſt dy'd.

I beg to hear thy SPIRIT,
Of that for ever preach,
That thy Love, Blood, and Merit,
May me Obedience teach.

Thou know'ſt that my Salvation
Is certain through thy Love,
And, Oh! on each Occaſion
May I moſt faithful prove!

What's paſt thou haſt forgiven,
Shall I forgive it too,
And forward run to Heaven,
With only Thee in View?

I know thou'lt not forſake me,
Though I am fill'd with Shame;
Then from this Moment take me,
Poor Sinner, as I am.

Oh! Love, thus freely given
My helpleſs Heart to chear;
This is a Sinner's Heaven
My JESUS to dwell near.

HYMN LVIII.

O JESUS, everlasting God,
Who once for Sinners shedd'st thy Blood
Upon Mount *Calvary*:
And finish'd there Redemption's Toil,
And made lost Man thy happy Spoil,
All Glory be to Thee.

Fain would I think upon thy Pain,
And find therein my Life and Gain,
And fix my Heart and Mind
Upon thy Wounds and dying Love;
Nor from that Point my Heart remove,
But all my Heav'n there find.

Content and glad I'll ever be
To have Salvation, LORD, from Thee,
Ev'n as a Sinner poor:
I nothing have, I nothing am,
My Treasure's in the bleeding LAMB,
Both now and evermore.

The more, through Grace, myself I know,
The more content I am to bow,
And sink beneath thy Cross,
And live by Faith upon thy Blood,
Waiting on Thee for ev'ry Good,
And count my Gain but Loss.

HYMN

HYMN LIX.

GOD forbid that I should glory, &c. Gal. iv. 14.

WHEN I survey the wond'rous Cross
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richest Gain I count my Loss,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.
Forbid it, LORD, that I should boast,
Save in the Cross of CHRIST, my GOD:
All the vain Things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them for thy Blood.

HYMN LX.

O Give me, SAVIOUR, give me still
My Poverty to know;
Increase my Faith, each Day in Grace
And Knowledge may I grow;
Open still more the Mystery
Of thy dear bleeding Cross,
And, for this precious Pearl, let me
Count all Things else but Dross.

O how transcendent is that Grace
Which Thou dost then bestow,
When nothing in myself I feel
But Misery and Woe!
'Tis then, indeed, my humble LORD,
Thy suff'ring State I see,
And through that Vail with Joy behold
Thy tend'rest Love to me.

HYMN LXI.

The Christian's Triumph in the Righteousness of the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

JESU, thy Blood and Righteousness
My Beauty are, my glorious Dress;
'Midst flaming Worlds in these array'd,
With Joy shall I lift up my Head.

When from the Dust of Death I rise
To claim my Mansion in the Skies,
Ev'n then shall this be all my Plea,
"JESUS hath *liv'd* and *dy'd* for me."

Bold shall I stand in that great Day,
For who ought to my Charge shall lay?
Fully, through Thee, absolv'd I am
From Sin and Fear, from Guilt and Shame.

Thus *Abraham*, the Friend of GOD,
Thus all the Armies bought with Blood,
SAVIOUR of Sinners Thee proclaim,
Sinners, of whom the Chief I am.

This spotless Robe the same appears
When ruin'd Nature sinks in Years;
No Age can change its glorious Hue,
The Grace of CHRIST is ever new.

O let the Dead now hear thy Voice,
Now bid thy banish'd Ones rejoice,
Their Beauty this their glorious Dress,
JESUS, the LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS.

HYMN

HYMN LXII.

COME, thou FOUNT of ev'ry Bleſſing!
Tune mine Heart to ſing thy Grace!
Streams of Mercy never ceaſing,
Call for Songs of loudeſt Praiſe:
Teach me ſome melodious Sonnet,
Sung by flaming Tongues above;
Praiſe the Mount—I'm fixt upon it,
Mount of GOD's unchanging Love!

Here I raiſe my EBEN-EZER,
Hither by thine Help I'm come,
And I hope, by thy good Pleaſure,
Safely to arrive at Home:
JESUS ſought me when a Stranger,
Wand'ring from the Fold of GOD.
He, to reſcue me from Danger,
Interpos'd with precious Blood.

O! to Grace how great a Debtor,
Daily I'm conſtrain'd to be!
Let that Grace now, like a Fetter,
Bind my wand'ring Heart to thee!
Prone to wander, LORD, I feel it,
Prone to leave the GOD I love—
Here's mine Heart—O take and ſeal it!
Seal it from thy Courts above!

HYMN LXIII.

GLORY be to God on High,
God whose Glory fills the Sky;
Peace on Earth to Men forgiv'n,
Man, the Well-belov'd of Heav'n.

Christ our Lord and God we own,
Christ the Father's only Son,
Lamb of God for Sinners slain,
Saviour of offending Man.

Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement Thou,
Jesu, in thy Name we pray,
Take, O take our Sins away.

Pow'rful Advocate with God,
Justify us by thy Blood;
Bow thine Ear, in Mercy bow,
Hear the World's Atonement Thou.

HYMN LXIV.

Rev. iv. 11. and v. 11, 12.

COME, let us join our chearful Songs
With Angels round the Throne;
Ten Thousand Thousand are their Tongues,
But all their Joys are one.

Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus:
Worthy the Lamb, our Hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

Jesus

JESUS is worthy to receive
Honour and Pow'r divine;
And Blessings more than we can give,
Be, LORD, for ever thine.

The whole Creation join in one,
To bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
And to adore the LAMB.

HYMN LXV.

Having loved His own, which were in the World, He loved them unto the End. John xiii. 1.

THIS GOD is the GOD we adore,
Our faithful unchangeable Friend,
Whose LOVE is as great as His Pow'r,
And neither knows Measure nor End;

'Tis JESUS the FIRST and the LAST,
Whose SPIRIT shall guide us safe home:
We'll praise him for all that is past,
And trust him for all that's to come.

HYMN LXVI.

THOU dear Redeemer, dying LAMB,
We love to hear of Thee:
No Music like that lovely Name,
Does sound so sweet to me!
O may we ever hear thy Voice,
In Mercy to us speak!
And in our Priest will we rejoice,
Thou great MELCHISEDECK!

Our

Our JESUS ſhall be ſtill our Theme,
While in this World we ſtay;
We'll ſing our JESU's lovely Name,
When all Things elſe decay:
When we appear in yonder Cloud,
With all his favour'd Throng,
Then will we ſing more ſweet, more loud,
And JESUS be our Song.

HYMN LXVII.

O JESU, our LORD,
Thy Name be ador'd,
For all the rich Bleſſings convey'd thro' thy Word.

In Spirit we trace
Thy Wonders of Grace,
And chearfully join in a Concert of Praiſe.

The ANTIENT OF DAYS
His Glory diſplays,
And ſhines on his Choſen with cheriſhing Rays.

The Trumpet of GOD
Is ſounding abroad
The Language of Mercy; Salvation thro' Blood.

Thrice happy are they
Who hear and obey,
And ſhare in the Bleſſings of this Goſpel-Day.

The People who know
The SAVIOUR, below,
With burning Affection to worship him glow.

Their Anguish and Smart
And Sorrows depart,
Who find his Salvation inscrib'd on their Heart.

This Blessing be mine
Thro' Favour divine:
But O, my REDEEMER, the Glory be Thine.

The Work is of Grace;
Thine, thine be the Praise!
And mine to adore Thee, and tell of thy Ways.

HYMN LXVIII.

Psalm lxxxix. 14, 15, 16, 17.

O What shall I do my SAVIOUR to praise,
So faithful and true, so plenteous in Grace,
So strong to deliver, so good to redeem
The weakest Believer that hangs upon him.

How happy the Man whose Heart is set free,
The People that can be joyful in Thee:
Their Joy is to walk in the Light of thy Face,
And still they are talking of JESUS's Grace.

Their daily Delight shall be in thy Name,
They shall, as their Right, thy Righteousness claim:
Thy Righteousness wearing, and cleans'd by thy Blood,
Bold shall they appear in the Presence of GOD.

For

For Thou art their Boaſt, their Glory and Pow'r,
And I alſo truſt to ſee the glad Hour,
My Soul's new Creation, a Life from the Dead,
The Day of Salvation that lifts up my Head.

Yes, LORD, I ſhall ſee the Bliſs of thine own,
Thy Mercy to me ſhall ſoon be made known;
For Sorrow and Sadneſs I Joy ſhall receive,
And ſhare in the Gladneſs of all that believe.

HYMN LXIX.

HOW glorious the LAMB
Is ſeen on his Throne!
His Labours are o'er,
His Conqueſts put on:
A Kingdom is given
Into the LAMB's Hand,
In Earth and in Heaven,
For ever to ſtand.

Ye Sinners below,
Then truſt in the LORD,
Look up to his Arm,
His Honour, his Word:
A Thirſt for his Favour,
His Godhead adore,
Look up to your SAVIOUR,
And Joy evermore.

HYMN LXX.

JESUS, the SAVIOUR of my Soul,
Be Thou my Heart's Delight;
Remain the ſame to me always,
My Joy by Day and Night.

Hungry and thirſty after Thee,
May I be found each Hour,
Humble in Heart, and happy kept,
By thy Almighty Pow'r.

Oh, may I never once forget
What a poor Worm I am;
From Death and Hell redeem'd by Blood,
The Blood of GOD's dear LAMB.

May thy bleſt Spirit in my Heart
Moſt ſweetly ſhed abroad
The Love of GOD, th' incarnate GOD,
Who bought me with his Blood.

The Myſt'ry of redeeming Love
Be ever dear to me,
And may the Fleſh and Blood of CHRIST
My daily Manna be.

HYMN LXXI.

TH' Extent of JESU's Love
What Heart can comprehend?
A Breadth whoſe Diſtance none can prove,
A Length without an End:

The

The first-born Seraphs try
The Myst'ry to explore,
Yet cannot trace it out, for why?
The Curse they never bore.

The Grace unsearchable,
Transcending human Thought,
Who, who, in Earth or Heav'n can tell,
Or find the Wonder out?
All the Angelic Choir
Unite to give Him praise;
And Saints redeeming Love admire,
And loud Hosannah's raise.

To CHRIST we lift our Voice,
Who have Redemption found,
And in his Name alone rejoice,
Whence all our Joys abound:
This cures the burden'd Mind,
This calms the troubled Heart;
This manifests the SAVIOUR kind,
And bids our Fears depart.

HYMN LXXII.

The Triumph of Faith.

HEAD of the Church triumphant!
We joyfully adore Thee;
Till thou appear,
Thy Members here
Shall sing like those in Glory:

We

We lift our Hearts and Voices
With bleſt Anticipation,
And cry aloud,
And give to God
The Praiſe of our Salvation.

While in Affliction's Furnace,
And paſſing through the Fire,
Thy Love we praiſe,
Which knows our Days,
And ever brings us nigher.
We clap our Hands, exulting
In thy Almighty Favour;
The Love divine,
Which made us Thine,
Shall keep us Thine for ever.

Thou do'ſt conduct thy People
Through Torrents of Temptation,
Nor will we fear,
Whilſt Thou art near,
The Fire of Tribulation.
The World with Sin and Satan
In vain our March oppoſes;
By Thee we ſhall
Break through them all,
And ſing the Song of *Moſes*.

By Faith we ſee the Glory
To which Thou ſhalt reſtore us.
The Croſs deſpiſe
For that high Prize
Which thou haſt ſet before us.

And,

And, if Thou count us worthy,
We each, as dying *Stephen*,
Shall see Thee stand
At God's Right Hand,
To take us up to Heaven.

HYMN LXXIII.

ZION, awake, arise, arise,
Thy Sun in its Meridian stands;
The Clouds disperse, each Shadow flies,
Thour't call'd to leave thy native Lands.

Loose, Zion's captive Daughter, loose
The cursed Chains of Self and Sin;
Thour't call'd to be no earthly Spouse,
Thou art all glorious within.

Get fresh Supplies of Grace each Day,
Stand ready for the Midnight Call:
Let nothing here engage thy Stay,
Let Jesus be thy All in All.

HYMN LXXIV.

1 Thes. v. 16. *Rejoice ever more.*

REJOICE evermore
With Angels above,
In Jesus's Pow'r
In Jesus's Love,
With glad Exultation
Your Triumph proclaim,
Ascribing Salvation
To God and the Lamb.

Thou,

Thou, LORD, our Relief
  In Trouble haſt been,
Haſt ſav'd us from Grief,
  Haſt ſav'd us from Sin:
The Pow'r of thy Spirit
  Hath ſet our Hearts free,
And now we inherit
  All Fullneſs in Thee.

All Fullneſs of Peace,
  All Fullneſs of Joy,
And ſpiritual Bliſs
  That never ſhall cloy.
To us it is given
  In JESUS to know,
A Kingdom of Heaven
  An Heaven below.

No longer we join
  Where Sinners invite,
Or envy the Swine
  Their brutiſh Delight:
Their Joy is all Sadneſs,
  Their Mirth is all vain,
Their Laughter is Madneſs,
  Their Pleaſure is Pain.

O may they at laſt
  With Sorrow return,
The Pleaſure to taſte
  For which they were born!

Our JESUS receiving,
Our Happineſs prove,
The Joy of believing
The Heaven of Love.

HYMN LXXV.

Te Deum.

HOW can we adore,
Or worthily praiſe,
Thy Goodneſs and Pow'r,
Thou GOD of all Grace!
With Honour and Bleſſing
Before Thee we fall,
Moſt gladly confeſſing
Thee *Father* of all,

The Heav'ns and Earth,
And Water and Air,
To Thee owe their Birth,
Subſiſt by thy Care;
Whilſt Angels are ſinging
Thy Praiſes above,
We *Mortals* are bringing
Our Tribute of Love.

Thou, SAVIOUR, art one
With GOD the Supreme,
His eternal Son,
And equal with Him:

Inveſted with Glory
  On high doſt Thou ſit,
While Angels adore Thee
  And bow at thy Feet.

How great was thy Love!
  How wond'rous the Grace!
Thou cam'ſt from above
  To ſave a loſt Race,
And Man to deliver,
  Of Woman waſt born,
That ev'ry Believer
  To God might return.

How ſoon will thy Seat
  Of Judgment appear:
Prepare us to meet
  And welcome Thee there!
Thy witneſſing Spirit
  In us ſhed abroad,
And bid us inherit
  The Kingdom of God.

HYMN LXXVI.

Pſalm xcix. 1.

GOD is King, ye Lands rejoice,
  Lift, ye Iſles, a thankful Voice,
Ev'ry Throne by His controul'd,
Well ſecures the paſſive World.

Higher than the Sons of Pride,
He bids the raging Waves ſubſide;
Whate'er Strifes the Nations fill,
The whole centers to his Will.

O how deep his Counſel lies!
How unfathomably wiſe!
Ev'ry Way his Will is done,
Ev'ry Way his Pow'r is ſhown.

Thoughts are vain againſt the Lord,
All ſubſerve his ſtanding Word;
Satan lets, and Men object,
Yet the Thing they thwart effect.

Subjects of the Lord, be bold,
Jesus will his Kingdom hold;
Wheels encircling Wheels muſt run,
Each in Place to bring it on.

Bleſt is Faith that truſts his Pow'r,
Bleſt is Faith that waits his Hour,
Haſte, great Conqu'ror, bring it near,
Let the glorious Cloſe appear.

HYMN LXXVII.

FATHER, how wide thy Glory ſhines!
How high thy Wonders riſe!
Known thro' the Earth by thouſand Signs;
By thouſand thro' the Skies.

Thoſe

Thoſe mighty Orbs proclaim thy Pow'r,
Their Motions ſpeak thy Skill:
And on the Wings of ev'ry Hour,
We read thy Patience ſtill.

But when we view thy great Deſign
To ſave rebellious Worms,
Where Vengeance and Compaſſion join
In their divineſt Forms:

Here the whole DEITY is known,
Nor dares a Creature gueſs
Which of the Glories brighteſt Shone,
The Juſtice or the Grace.

Now the full Glories of the LAMB
Adorn the heav'nly Plains,
Bright Seraphs learn IMMANNUEL's Name,
And try their choiceſt Strains.

O may I bear ſome humble Part
In that immortal Song;
Wonder and Joy ſhall tune my Heart,
And Love command my Tongue.

HYMN LXXVIII.

Heb. xi. 14, 15, 16.

O Tell me no more
Of this World's vain Store;
The Time for ſuch Trifles
With me now is o'er.

A Country I've found,
  Where true Joys abound,
To dwell I'm determin'd
  On that happy Ground.

The Souls that believe,
  In Paradiſe live,
And me in that Number
  Will Jesus receive.

My Soul don't delay,
  He calls Thee away:
Riſe, follow thy Saviour,
  And bleſs the glad Day.

No Mortal doth know
  What he can beſtow,
What Light, Strength, and Comfort;
  Go after Him, go.

And when I'm to die,
  "Receive me," I'll cry,
For Jesus hath lov'd me;
  I cannot ſay why.

And now I'm in Care,
  My Neighbbours may ſhare
Theſe Bleſſings; to ſeek them
  Will none of you dare?

In

In Bondage, O why!
  And Death will you lie,
When one here assures you
  Free Grace is so nigh?

HYMN LXXIX.

The Pilgrim's Song.

RISE, my Soul, and stretch thy Wings,
  Thy better Portion trace;
Rise from transitory Things
  Tow'rds Heav'n thy native Place:
Sun and Moon and Stars decay,
  Time shall soon this Earth remove;
Rise, my Soul, and haste away
  To Seats prepar'd above,

Rivers to the Ocean run,
  Nor stay in all their Course,
Fire ascending seeks the Sun,
  Both speed them to their Source:
So a Soul that's born of GOD,
  Pants to view his glorious Face,
Upwards tends to his Abode,
  To rest in his Embrace.

Cease, ye Pilgrims, cease to mourn,
  Press onward to the Prize;
Soon our SAVIOUR will return
  Triumphant in the Skies:

Yet

Yet a Season, and you know
  Happy Entrance will be giv'n,
All our Sorrows left below,
  And Earth exchang'd for Heav'n.

HYMN LXXX.

Calling to follow JESUS.

COME, my FATHER's Family,
  Ye ransom'd of the LORD,
Come, ye Sinners, who, with me,
  Are ev'ry where abhorr'd;
Let us gladly trace his Steps,
  Who suffer'd Death amongst the *Jews*,
Whom the friendless Soul accepts,
  Whom all beside refuse.

JESUS, the despis'd and mean,
  Our Master let us own,
He the Sacrifice for Sin,
  The SAVIOUR He alone:
Let us take and bear his Cross,
  Despis'd Disciples let us be,
Mock'd and slighted as He was
  For you, my Friends, and me.

None but JESUS will we sing,
  None else will we adore;
He our Prophet, Priest, and King,
  Shall be for evermore:

None

None among the heav'nly Pow'rs,
Nor one on Earth our Praise may claim;
None but JESUS call we ours,
None but the bleeding LAMB.

HYMN LXXXI.

ALL those of the gen'ral Assembly above,
Who now with the Seraphs are flaming in Love,
Were once in Distress in this Valley of Tears,
And came to their Bliss thro' Abundance of Fears.

Thro' Patience and Faith after them let us press,
And trace from their Footsteps the Highway of Grace;
'Tis now called Day, but the Night will soon come,
When Labour must cease, and the Lab'rers go Home.

HYMN LXXXII.

As the Sufferings of CHRIST abound in us, so our Consolation also aboundeth by CHRIST. 2 Cor. i. 5.

COME on my Partners in Distress,
My Comrades thro' the Wilderness,
Who still your Bodies feel!
A While forget your Griefs and Fears,
And look beyond the Vale of Tears
To that celestial Hill.

See where the LAMB in Glory stands,
Incircled with his radiant Bands,
And join th' angelic Pow'rs:
For all that Height of glorious Bliss
Our everlasting Portion is,
And all that Heav'n is ours.

Who

Who suffer for our Master here,
We shall before his Face appear,
And by his Side sit down;
To patient Faith the Prize is sure,
And those that to the End endure
The Cross, shall wear the Crown.

Thrice blessed Bliss!—Inspiring Hope!
It lifts the fainting Spirits up!
It brings to Life the Dead!
Our Conflicts here shall soon be past,
And you and I ascend at last,
Triumphant with our Head.

That great mysterious DEITY
We soon with open Face shall see,
The beatific Sight
Shall fill the heav'nly Courts with Praise,
And wide diffuse the golden Blaze
Of everlasting Light.

HYMN LXXXIII.

Isaiah XXXV. 10.

CHILDREN of the heav'nly King,
As ye journey sweetly sing,
Sing your SAVIOUR's worthy Praise,
Glorious in his Works and Ways!

Ye are trav'lling home to GOD
In the Way the Fathers trod:
They are happy now, and ye
Soon their Happiness shall see.

O ye baniſh'd Seed be glad!
CHRIST our Advocate is made;
Us to ſave our Fleſh aſſumes,
Brother to our Souls becomes.

Shout, ye little Flock, and bleſt,
You on JESU's Throne ſhall reſt;
There your Seat is now prepar'd,
There your Kingdom and Reward.

Fear not, Brethren, joyful ſtand
On the Borders of your Land;
JESUS CHRIST, your FATHER's SON,
Bids you undiſmay'd go on.

LORD, obediently we'll go,
Gladly leaving all below:
Only Thou our Leader be,
And we ſtill will follow Thee.

HYMN LXXXIV.

O JESU, JESU, my good LORD,
How wond'rous is thy Love!
Thy Patience, Pity, Tenderneſs,
Which I each Moment prove!

For, Oh! how faithleſs is my Mind,
How apt to turn aſide,
And wander in its own Deceits
Of Reaſonings and Pride.

Yet,

Yet, dearest SAVIOUR, love me still,
  The poorest and the worst;
For well I know, where Sin abounds,
  Thy Grace aboundeth most.

Yet let me not thy Grace abuse,
  And sin because thou'rt good;
But let thy Love fill me with Shame,
  That I this Love withstood.

SAVIOUR of Sinners, now do this!
  Let me not turn away
From thy dear Cross and bleeding Wounds,
  But bind me there to stay!

On me, my King, exert thy Pow'r,
  Make old Things pass away,
Create all new, and draw me still,
  Still nearer ev'ry Day.

LORD speak to me with thy sweet Voice,
  And give me Ears to hear;
For thou my loving SAVIOUR art,
  Who me hast bought so dear.

I praise and thank Thee, dearest LAMB,
  For all that thou hast done,
Since thou dost take me as I am,
  For thy redeemed One.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXV.

JESU, Friend of Sinners, hear,
Yet once again, I pray,
From my Debt of Sin set clear,
For I have nought to pay:
Speak, O speak the kind Release,
A poor backsliding Soul restore;
Love me freely, seal my Peace,
And bid me sin no more.

Sin's Deceitfulness hath spread
An Hardness o'er my Heart;
But if Thou thy Spirit shed
The stony shall depart:
Shed thy Love, thy Tenderness,
And let me feel the soft'ning Pow'r;
Love me freely, seal my Peace,
And bid me sin no more.

HYMN LXXXVI.

I'D keep Thee always in my Thoughts,
Preserve a Sense of thy rich Love;
And while confined to Earth below,
By Contemplation dwell above.

HYMN LXXXVII.

IN vain we ask God's righteous Law
To justify us now,
Since to convice and to condemn
Is all the Law can do.

JESUS, how glorious is thy Grace?
When in thy Name we truſt,
Our Faith receives a Righteouſneſs
That makes the Sinner juſt.

HYMN LXXXVIII.

LET me but hear my SAVIOUR ſay,
"Strength ſhall be equal to thy Day,"
Then I rejoice in deep Diſtreſs,
Leaning on all-ſufficient Grace.

I glory in Infirmity,
That CHRIST's own Pow'r may reſt on me;
When I am weak, then am I ſtrong,
Grace is my Shield, and CHRIST my Song.

HYMN LXXXIX.

WHAT though the Hoſt of Death and Hell,
All arm'd againſt me ſtood,
Why ſhould their Terrors ſhake my Soul?
My Refuge is my GOD.

A Friend and Helper ſo divine,
Does my weak Courage raiſe;
He makes the glorious Vict'ry mine,
And His ſhall be the Praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN XC.

CHRIST's Compaſſion for the Tempted. Heb. ii. 17, 18.

WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
Of our High Prieſt above;
His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
His Bowels melt with Love.

Touch'd with a Sympathy within,
He knows our feeble Frame;
He knows what ſore Temptations mean,
For He hath felt the ſame.

He, in the Days of feeble Fleſh,
Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
What ev'ry Member bears.

He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
But raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruiſed Reed He never breaks,
Nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.

Then let our humble Faith addreſs
His Mercy and his Pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
In each diſtreſſing Hour.

HYMN XCI.

THE Law discovers Guilt and Sin,
And shews how vile our Hearts have been.
Only the Gospel can express
Forgiving Love and cleansing Grace.

My Soul no more attempt to draw
Thy Life and Comfort from the Law:
Fly to the Hope the Gospel gives;
The Man that trusts the Promise lives.

HYMN XCII.

'TIS not by Works of Righteousness,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are sav'd by sov'reign Grace,
Abounding through God's Son.

Rais'd from the Dead we live anew;
And justify'd by Grace,
We shall appear in Glory too,
And see our Father's Face.

HYMN XCIII.

WHAT means this wicked wand'ring Heart?
This trembling Ague of my Soul?
Would Jesus but a Look impart,
One Look from Him would make me whole.

LORD, for thy Promise Sake, return,
Apply thy pard'ning cleansing Blood,
Look down with Pity on a Worm,
With richest Mercy do me Good.

When thy free Sp'rit the Word applies,
And kindly tells me thou art mine,
My fainting, sinking Heart replies,
Ah, LORD! I wish I could be thine.

My Faith's so nighted in my Doubts,
I cast the offer'd Good away,
And lose, by raising vain Disputes,
The wonted Blessings of the Day.

Was e'er one press'd with such a Load,
Or pierc'd with such an unseen Dart,
To find at once an absent GOD,
And yet, alas! a careless Heart?

Such Grief as mine, a griefless Grief,
Did ever any Mortal share;
An hopeless Hope, a lifeless Life,
Or such unwonted careless Care?

'Tis sad, LORD, when, for Night's Solace,
Nor Moon, nor starry Gleams appear;
Yet worse when, in this dismal Case,
My Heart is harden'd from thy Fear.

Come, Lord, with greater Pow'r, for why,
Mine ſure is not a common Caſe;
Thou offer'ſt to unvail, yet I
Do ſcarce incline to ſee thy Face.

Such languid faint Deſires I feel
Within this wicked, ſtupid Heart,
I ſhould, I would—but that I will,
I hardly dare with Truth aſſert.

O Lord, let me not baſely ſpurn
Againſt thy ſearchleſs unknown Ways;
But magnify thy Work, and turn
My Groans and Murmurs into Praiſe.

Let me ſubmiſſive, while I live,
Thy awful Juſtice own with Fear:
Yet penſive let me never grieve
Thy tender Mercy by Deſpair.

HYMN XCIV.

My God, permit my Tongue
This Joy to call Thee mine;
And let my conſtant Cries prevail
To taſte thy Love divine.

For Life without thy Love
No Reliſh can afford;
No Joy can be compar'd with this,
To ſerve and pleaſe the Lord.

HYMN

HYMN XCV.

WHEN I can read my Title clear
To Mansions in the Skies,
I bid farewel to ev'ry Fear,
And wipe my weeping Eyes.

Should Earth against my Soul engage,
And hellish Darts be hurl'd,
Then I can smile at Satan's Rage,
And face a frowning World.

HYMN XCVI.

AMIDST Temptations sharp and strong
My Soul to CHRIST for Refuge flies.
Hope is my Anchor firm and strong,
While Tempests blow, and Billows rise.

The Gospel bears my Spirit up;
A faithful and unchanging GOD
Lays the Foundation for my Hope,
In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

HYMN XCVII.

'TIS GOD that lifts our Comforts high,
Or sinks them to the Grave;
He gives, and blessed be his Name!
He takes but what he gave.

If ſmiling Mercy crown our Lives,
Its Praiſes ſhall be ſpread;
And we'll adore the Juſtice too
That ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

HYMN XCVIII.

THIS Life's a Dream, an empty Show;
But the bright World to which I go,
Hath Joys ſubſtantial and ſincere:
When ſhall I wake, and find me there?

O glorious Hour! O bleſt Abode!
I ſhall be near and like my GOD;
And Fleſh and Sin no more controul
The ſacred Pleaſures of the Soul.

My Fleſh ſhall ſlumber in the Ground
Till the laſt Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Then burſt the Chains with ſweet Surprize,
And in my SAVIOUR's Image riſe.

HYMN XCIX.

MY GOD, my Life, my Love,
To Thee, to Thee I call;
I cannot live if Thou remove,
For Thou art All in All.

What empty Things the Skies,
And this inferior Clod?
There's nothing here deſerves my Joys;
There's nothing like my GOD.

The

The Smilings of thy Face,
How amiable they are!
'Tis Heav'n to reſt in thine Embrace,
And no where elſe but there.

HYMN C.

O The Delights, the heav'nly Joys!
The Glories of the Place,
Where JESUS ſheds the brighteſt Beams
Of his o'erflowing Grace!

This is the Man, th' exalted Man,
Whom we unſeen adore:
But when our Eyes behold his Face,
Our Hearts ſhall love Him more.

And while our Faith enjoys this Sight,
We long to leave our Clay;
And wiſh thy fi'ry Chariots, LORD,
To fetch our Souls away.

HYMN CI.

CONTENT to be in JESU's Debt for all;
At Sovereign Grace's Feet we proſtrate fall.
All Glory to the LORD that Grace is free,
Elſe never would it light on guilty *me*.

Freed from Law's Debt, and bleſt with Goſpel-Eaſe,
Our Work is now our deareſt LORD to pleaſe,
By living on Him as our ample Stock,
And leaning on Him as our potent Rock.

HYMN CII.

LOVE lays her own Advantage by
To ſeek her Neighbour's Good;
So GOD's dear Son came down to die,
And bought our Lives with Blood.

Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r
In all the Realms above;
There Faith and Hope are known no more,
But Saints for ever love.

HYMN CIII.

COME, ye Sinners poor and wretched,
Bring your humble grateful Lays;
Help to ſing our JESU's Merits,
Help to chaunt IMMANUEL's Praiſe.
Friend of Sinners!
Thee we laud for richeſt Grace.

O, what Grace haſt Thou vouchſafed!
O, what Mercy haſt thou ſhown!
When, to die for vileſt Rebels,
Thou didſt leave thy bliſsful Throne!
Bleeding SAVIOUR!
Melt, O melt our Hearts of Stone.

Come,

Come, ye Sinners, come to JESUS,
Think upon your gracious LORD;
He has pity'd your Condition,
He has ſent his Goſpel-Word.
Mercy calls you,
Mercy flows on JESU's Blood.

Deareſt SAVIOUR, help thy Servant
To proclaim thy wond'rous Love;
Pour thy Grace upon this People,
That thy Truth they may approve.
Bleſs, O bleſs them
From thy ſhining Courts above.

Now thy gracious Word invites them
To partake the Goſpel-Feaſt;
Let thy SPIRIT ſweetly draw them,
Ev'ry Soul be JESU's Gueſt.
O receive us,
Let us find thy promis'd Reſt.

HYMN CIV.

For a Miniſter of the Goſpel.

SHALL I, for Fear of feeble Man,
The SPIRIT's Courſe in me reſtrain?
Or undiſmay'd, in Deed and Word,
Be a true Witneſs to my LORD?

Aw'd by a Mortal's Frown, ſhall I
Conceal the Word of GOD moſt High?

How

How then before Thee ſhall I dare
To ſtand, or how Thy Anger bear?

Shall I, to ſooth th' unholy Throng,
Soften thy Truths, and ſmooth my Tongue,
To gain Earth's gilded Toys, or flee
The Croſs endur'd, my God, by thee?

What then is he, whoſe Scorn I dread,
Whoſe Wrath or Hate makes me afraid?
A Man! an Heir of Death! a Slave
To Sin! a Bubble on the Wave!

Yea, let Man rage! ſince thou wilt ſpread
Thy ſhadowing Wings around my Head:
Since in all Pain thy tender Love
Will ſtill my ſweet Refreſhment prove.

The Love of Christ does me conſtrain
To ſeek the wand'ring Souls of Men;
With Cries, Intreaties, Tears to ſave,
To ſnatch them from the gaping Grave.

For this let Men revile my Name,
No Croſs I ſhun, I fear no Shame:
All hail Reproach, and welcome Pain,
Only thy Terrors, Lord, reſtrain.

My Life, my Blood, I here preſent,
If for thy Truth they may be ſpent:
Fulfil thy ſov'reign Counſel, Lord,
Thy Will be done, thy Name ador'd.

Give

Give me thy Strength, O God of Pow'r !
Then let Winds blow, or Thunders roar,
Thy faithful Witness would I be :
'Tis fix'd ! I can do all through Thee.

HYMN CV.

BE with me, Lord, where'er I go;
Learn me what Thou would'st have me do;
Suggest whate'er I think or say;
Direct me in the narrow Way.

Prevent me, lest I harbour Pride,
Lest I in mine own Strength confide;
Shew me my Weakness, let me see
I have my Pow'r, my All from Thee.

[O may I ne'er my Silence break,
Unless inspir'd by thee to speak;
Then let such Pow'r attend my Word,
That all who hear may seek the Lord.]

Enrich me alway with thy Love,
My kind Protection ever prove;
Thy Signet put upon my Breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

Assist and teach me how to pray,
Incline my Nature to obey;
What Thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

O,

O, may I never do my Will,
But thine, and only Thine fulfil:
Let all my Time, and all my Ways,
Be ſpent and ended to Thy Praiſe.

HYMN CVI.

WHAT Praiſe unto the LAMB is due!
How ſhould our Spirits all take Fire,
When we his boundleſs Love review,
And ſee him on the Croſs expire.

Who can deſcribe how much he lov'd,
Or paint that ſtrong uncommon Zeal
With which his tender Heart was mov'd,
When He ſuſtain'd the Pains of Hell.

He drank a bitter Cup indeed!
O what a dark and doleful Hour!
His very Spirit ſeems to bleed,
And Hell t' exert its utmoſt Pow'r!

While others make the Law their Aim,
Thence count their Gain, thence mourn their Loſs,
We'll know and ſeek no other Name,
Than JESUS bleeding on the Croſs.

JESUS, the hungry Sinner's Feaſt,
JESUS, the Sinner's only Good;
This will we only thirſt to taſte,
The Merit of redeeming Blood.

This,

This, this alone—his dying Smart
  Can Unbelief from us remove,
Alone can melt the ſtubborn Heart,
  And make it feel the Warmth of Love.

By this alone I wiſh to live,
  Nor from the Law ſeek Help again;
For if Thy Blood can't Vict'ry give,
  Legal Attempts muſt all prove vain.

HYMN CVII.

BEHOLD the loving Son of God
  Stretch'd out upon the Tree!
Behold him ſhedding forth his Blood
  For you, my Friends, and me!

Why is his Body rack'd with Pains,
  And wrung with keeneſt Smart?
Why flows the Blood from out his Veins,
  Why torn with Grief his Heart?

Alas! I know the Reaſon why:
  Our num'rous Sins He bore;
This caus'd his bitter Agony,
  This wounded Him ſo ſore.

But hence our Confidence begins;
  For we may boldly ſay,
That thus, by bearing all our Sins,
  He took them all away.

Come then, each needy Sinner come,
If you'll accept, He'll give;
But let him, and He'll lead you home;
Whoever thirsts may live.

HYMN CVIII.

MY JESUS left his Heav'ns, and came
To ransom Sinners from their Shame,
That they might have their Sins forgiv'n,
And find in Him their Peace and Heav'n.

His Peace He to his Children left,
When of his Life He was bereft;
When He was fasten'd to the Tree,
His Blood did buy that Peace for me.

LORD, I am thine, then take me now,
Low at thy Feet my Soul I bow,
Asham'd that I no sooner ran
To thee, the SAVIOUR of lost Man.

HYMN CIX.

O LOVE, Thou bottomless Abyss!
My Sins are swallow'd up in Thee;
Cover'd is my Unrighteousness,
From Condemnation I am free,
While JESU's Blood, through Earth and Skies,
Mercy, free boundless Mercy! cries.

With

With Faith I plunge me in that Sea;
Here is my Hope, my Joy, my Rest!
Hither, when Hell assaults, I flee,
I look into my SAVIOUR's Breast:
Away, sad Doubts, and anxious Fear,
Mercy is all that's written there.

Though Waves and Storms go o'er my Head,
Though Strength and Health, and Friends be gone;
Though Joys be wither'd all, and dead;
Though ev'ry Comfort be withdrawn:
Stedfast on this my Soul relies,
FATHER, thy Mercy never dies.

Fix'd on this Ground would I remain,
Though my Heart fail, and Flesh decay,
This Anchor shall my Soul sustain,
When Earth's Foundations melt away:
Mercy's full Pow'r I then shall prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting Love.

HYMN CX.

OUR Spirits join t'adore the LAMB;
O that our feeble Lips could move
In Strains immortal as his Name,
And melting as his dying Love!

Rebels, we broke our MAKER's Laws;
He from the Threat'nings set us free,
Bore the full Vengeance on his Cross,
And nail'd the Curses to the Tree.

The

The Law proclaims no Terror now,
And *Sinai*'s Thunder roars no more;
From all his Wounds new Blessings flow,
A Sea of Joy without a Shore.

Here we may wash our deepest Stains,
And heal our Wounds with Heav'nly Blood:
Blest Fountains springing from the Veins
Of JESUS the incarnate GOD.

HYMN CXI.

WHEN Justice did demand its Due,
And Sins increas'd the dreadful Strife,
My SAVIOUR to my Succour flew,
And by Obedience bought my Life.

My Ransom from the Pow'r of Sin
Could not be paid on other Terms:
Run, hide thyself, my Soul, within
Thy bleeding SAVIOUR's outstretch'd Arms.

When Law condemns, and Justice cries
For dreadful Vengeance without End,
To JESUS then I turn my Eyes,
He tells me, He will stand my Friend.

What can be laid unto my Charge,
When GOD saith, *Freely I'll forgive?*
Though Hell should on my Crimes enlarge,
CHRIST says, *Thou shalt not die, but live.*

Away

Away then Doubts and all my Fears!
Be ſilent all my needleſs Sighs;
My SAVIOUR wipes away my Tears,
And Sin and Death for ever dies.

HYMN CXII.

HOW ſtrong thine Arm is, mighty GOD!
Who would not fear thy Name?
JESUS, how ſweet thy Graces are!
Who would not love the LAMB?

When through the Deſart *Iſrael* went,
With Manna they were fed;
Our LORD invites us to his Fleſh,
And calls it living Bread.

Moſes beheld the promis'd Land,
Yet never reach'd the Place;
But CHRIST ſhall bring his Follow'rs home
To ſee his Father's Face.

Then ſhall our Love and Joy be full,
And feel a warmer Flame,
And ſweeter Voices tune the Song
Of *Moſes* and the LAMB.

HYMN CXIII.

WHEN *Sion*'s GOD her Sons recall'd
From long Captivity;
It ſeem'd at firſt a pleaſing Dream
Of what they wiſh'd to ſee:

But

But ſoon in unaccuſtom'd Mirth,
They did their Voice employ,
And ſung their great RESTORER's Praiſe.
In thankful Hymns of Joy.

Nor leſs for *us* our GOD has done,
From Sin and Satan freed;
In JESU's Name our Souls can boaſt
A more ſtupendous Deed.

Eternal Mirth, immortal Songs
Our Voices ſhall employ;
We ſing our great REDEEMER's Praiſe
In thankful Hymns of Joy.

HYMN CXIV.

BEHOLD! my Soul, the matchleſs Grace
Of CHRIST to Man's apoſtate Race;
He wore in Heav'n a glorious Crown,
Yet in a Servant's Form came down.

LORD, let thy unexampled Love
The Hardneſs of my Heart remove:
Fain would I feel a holy Flame,
Whene'er I hear thy charming Name.

HYMN CXV.

The Frailty and Shortneſs of Life. Pſ. xc. 5, &c.

LORD, what a feeble Piece
Is this our mortal Frame?
Our Life, how poor a Trifle 'tis,
That ſcarce deſerves the Name.

Our

Our Moments fly apace,
Nor will our Minutes ſtay,
Juſt like a Flood our haſty Days
Are ſweeping us away.

Well, if our Days muſt fly,
We'll keep their End in Sight,
We'll ſpend them all in Wiſdom's Way,
And let them ſpeed their Flight.

They'll waft us ſooner o'er
This Life's tempeſtuous Sea;
Soon ſhall we reach the peaceful Shore
Of bleſt Eternity.

HYMN CXVI.

HE lives! He lives! and ſits above,
For ever interceding there;
Who ſhall divide us from CHRIST's Love,
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair?

Faith has an overcoming Pow'r,
It triumphs in the dying Hour;
CHRIST is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a Prop.

My Peace and Safety lie in this,
My Creditor my Surety is.
The Judgment-Day I dread the leſs;
My Judge is made my Righteouſneſs.

HYMN CXVII.

Jer. ii. 19. *Thy Backſlidings ſhall reprove thee.*

JESU! let thy pitying Eye
Call back a wand'ring Sheep:
Falſe to Thee, like *Peter*, I
Wou'd fain, like *Peter*, weep:
Let me be by Grace reſtor'd,
On me beall Long-ſuff'ring ſhewn,
Turn and look upon me, LORD,
And break mine Heart of Stone!

SAVIOUR! Prince! enthron'd above,
Repentance to impart,
Give me, thro' thy dying Love,
The humble contrite Heart:
Give, what I have long implor'd,
A Portion of thy Love unknown.
Turn, &c.

See me, SAVIOUR, from above,
Nor ſuffer me to die,
Life, and Happineſs, and Love,
Drop from thy gracious Eye:
Speak the reconciling Word,
And let thy Mercy melt me down.
Turn, &c.

Look

Look as when thy Grace beheld
  The Harlot in Diſtreſs,
Dry'd her Tears, her Pardon ſeal'd,
  And bad her go in Peace:
Foul, like her, and ſelf-abhorr'd,
  I at thy Feet for Mercy groan.
Turn, &c.

Look as when thy languid Eye
  Was clos'd that we might live;
"FATHER! (at the Point to die
  MY SAVIOUR gaſp'd) *forgive!*"
Surely with that dying Word,
  He turns, and looks, and cries, "'Tis done".
O my bleeding, loving LORD!
  Thou break'ſt mine Heart of Stone!

HYMN CXVIII.

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.

MY drowſy Pow'rs, why ſleep ye ſo?
  Awake my ſluggiſh Soul:
Nothing hath half thy Work to do,
  Yet nothing's half ſo dull.

Go to the Ants—for one poor Grain
  See how they toil and ſtrive!
Yet we who have a Heav'n t'obtain,
  How negligent we live!

We, for whom God the Son came down,
And labour'd for our Good,
How careless to secure that Crown
He purchas'd with his Blood!

Lord, shall we live so sluggish still,
And never act our Parts?
Come, Lord, thy gracious Word fulfil,
And warm our frozen Hearts!

Give us with active Warmth to move,
With vig'rous Souls to rise,
With Hands of Faith, and Wings of Love,
To fly and take the Prize.

HYMN CXIX.

But the greatest of these is Love. 1 Cor. xiii. 13.

HAPPY the Heart where Graces reign!
Where Love inspires the Breast!
Love is the brightest of the Train,
And perfects all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,
And all in vain our Fear:
Our stubborn Sins will fight, and reign,
If Love be absent there.

'Tis Love that makes our chearful Feet
In swift Obedience move:
The Devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.

This is the Grace that lives and reigns,
When Faith and Hope ſhall ceaſe;
'Tis this ſhall ſtrike our joyful Strings
In the ſweet Realms of Bliſs.

When join'd to that harmonious Throng,
That fills the Choirs above,
Then ſhall we tune our golden Harps,
And ev'ry Note be LOVE.

HYMN CXX.

Thy Word is Truth. John xvii. 17.

MY Hiding-Place, my Refuge, Tow'r,
And Shield, art Thou, O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

Engrav'd as in eternal Braſs,
The mighty Promiſe ſhines,
Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkneſs raze
Thoſe everlaſting Lines.

The ſacred Word of Grace is ſtrong
As that which built the Skies,
Thy Voice which rolls the Stars along,
Spake all the Promiſes.

My Hiding-Place, my Refuge, Tow'r,
And Shield, art Thou, O LORD,
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
On thy unerring Word.

HYMN CXXI.

MORNING.

RISE, my Soul, adore thy Maker,
Angels praise
Join thy Lays,
With them be Partaker.

Sov'reign LORD of ev'ry Spirit,
In thy Light
Lead me right,
Thro' my SAVIOUR's Merit.

Thou this Night wast my Protector,
With me stay
All the Day,
Ever my Director.

Holy, holy, holy Giver
Of all Good,
Life and Food,
Reign ador'd for ever!

Glory, Honour, Thanks, and Blessing,
ONE in THREE,
Give we Thee,
Never, never ceasing.

HYMN CXXII.

EVENING.

E'ER I ſleep, for ev'ry Favour
This Day ſhew'd
By my God,
I will bleſs my Saviour.

O, my Lord! what ſhall I render
To thy Name,
Still the ſame,
Gracious, good, and tender!

Leave me not, but ever love me;
Let thy Peace
Be my Bliſs,
'Till thou hence remove me.

Viſit me with *thy Salvation*,
Let thy Care
Now be near,
Round my Habitation.

Thou, my Rock, my Guard, my Tower,
Safely keep,
While I ſleep,
Me with all thy Power.

So, whene'er in Death I ſlumber,
Let me riſe
With the Wiſe,
Counted in their Number!

HYMN CXXIII.

The same. Psalm iv. 8.

I Will lay me down to sleep,
And safely take my Rest;
Me commend to JESU's Grace;
And as upon his Breast,
So, if JESUS please, I'll sleep,
While Troops of Angels are my Guard:
O, my Shepherd! love and keep,
And be my great Reward.

HYMN CXXIV.

Funeral Hymn.

AND let this feeble Body fail,
And let it faint or die!
My Soul shall quit the mournful Vale,
And soar to Worlds on high,
Shall join the disembody'd Saints,
And find its long-sought Rest,
That only Bliss, for which it pants,
In the REDEEMER's Breast.

In hope of that immortal Crown
I now the Cross sustain,
And gladly wander up and down,
And smile at Toil and Pain:

I suffer on my threescore Years,
'Till my Deliv'rer come
And wipe away his Servant's Tears,
And take his Exile Home.

O what hath JESUS bought for me!
Before my ravish'd Eyes
Rivers of Life divine I see,
And Trees of Paradise!
I see a World of Spirits bright,
Who taste the Pleasures there!
They all are rob'd in spotless White,
And conqu'ring Palms they bear.

O what are all my Suff'rings here,
If, LORD, thou count me meet
With that enraptur'd Host t' appear,
And worship at thy Feet!
Give Joy or Grief, give Ease or Pain,
Take Life and Friends away!
But let me find them all again
In that eternal Day.

HYMN CXXV.

The Second Advent. Rev. i. 7.

LO! He comes with Clouds descending,
Once for favour'd Sinners slain!
Thousand Thousand Saints attending,
Swell the Triumph of his Train:
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah! Amen.

Ev'ry

Ev'ry Eye ſhall now behold Him
Rob'd in dreadful Majeſty:
Thoſe who ſet at nought, and ſold Him,
Pierc'd and nail'd him to the Tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true MESSIAH ſee.

Ev'ry Iſland, Sea, and Mountain,
Heav'n and Earth ſhall flee away;
All who hate Him muſt, confounded,
Hear the Trump proclaim the Day.
Come to Judgment!
Come to Judgment! come away!

Now Redemption long expected,
See in ſolemn Pomp appear!
All his Saints, by Man rejected,
Now ſhall meet him in the Air!
Hallelujah!
See the Day of GOD appear!

Anſwer thine own Bride and Spirit,
Haſten, LORD, the gen'ral Doom!
The new Heav'n and Earth t' inherit,
Take thy pining Exiles Home:
All Creation
Travels! Groans! and bids Thee come!

Yea!

Yea! Amen! Let all adore Thee,
High on thine eternal Throne!
SAVIOUR, take the Pow'r and Glory,
Claim the Kingdom for thine own!
O come quickly;
Hallelujah! Come, LORD, come!

HYMN CXXVI.

Another. Rev. xi. 15.

HE comes! He comes! the Judge ſevere!
The ſeventh Trumpet ſpeaks him near:
His Light'nings flaſh, his Thunders roll,
He's welcome to the faithful Soul:
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome to the faithful Soul.

From Heav'n angelic Voices ſound,
See the Almighty JESUS crown'd!
Girt with Omnipotence and Grace,
And Glory decks the SAVIOUR's Face:
Glory, Glory, Glory, Glory,
Glory, decks the SAVIOUR's Face.

Deſcending on his azure Throne,
He claims the Kingdoms for his own:
The Kingdoms all obey his Word,
And hail Him their triumphant LORD:
Hail him, hail him, hail him, hail him,
Hail him their triumphant LORD.

Shout

Shout all the People of the Sky,
And all the Saints of the MOST HIGH:
Our GOD, who now his Right obtains,
For ever, and for ever reigns:
Ever, ever, ever, ever
Ever and for ever reigns.

The FATHER praise, the SON adore,
The SPIRIT bless for evermore;
Salvation's glorious Work is done,
We welcome Thee, great THREE in ONE!
Welcome, welcome, welcome, welcome,
Welcome Thee, great THREE in ONE!

HYMN CXXVII.

Another. 1 Cor. xv. 52. 1 Thes. iv. 16.

"COME to Judgment, come away,"
(Hark, I hear th' Archangel say,
Summoning the Dead to rise)
"Haste, resume, and lift your Eyes,
"Hear, ye Sons of *Adam*, hear,
"Man before thy GOD appear."

Come to Judgment, come away,
This the last, the dreadful Day.
Sov'reign, Author, Judge of all,
Dust obeys thy quick'ning Call,
Dust no other Voice will heed,
Thine the Trump that wakes the Dead.

Come

Come to Judgment, come away,
Ling'ring Man no longer ſtay,
Thee let Earth at length reſtore,
Pris'ner in her Womb no more!
Burſt the Barriers of the Tomb,
Riſe to meet thine inſtant Doom!

Come to Judgment, come away,
Wide diſpers'd howe'er ye ſtray,
Loſt in Fire, or Air, or Main,
Kindred Atoms meet again;
Sepulcher'd where'er ye reſt,
Mix'd with Fiſh, or Bird, or Beaſt.

Come to Judgment, come away,
Help, O CHRIST, thy Works decay;
Man is out of Order hurl'd,
Parcel'd out to all the World:
LORD, thy broken Concert raiſe,
And the Muſic ſhall be praiſe.

HYMN CXXVIII.

Nativity of CHRIST.

HARK! The Herald-Angels ſing,
Glory to the new-born King!
Peace on Earth, and Mercy mild,
GOD and Sinners reconcil'd.

Joyful all ye Nations riſe,
Join the Triumphs of the Skies!
With th' angelic Hoſt proclaim,
"CHRIST is born in *Bethlehem*."

CHRIST by higheſt Heav'n ador'd,
CHRIST the everlaſting LORD;
Late in Time behold him come,
Offſpring of a Virgin's Womb.

Vail'd in Fleſh, the Godhead ſee,
Hail th' incarnate Deity!
Pleas'd as Man with Men t' appear,
JESUS OUR IMMANUEL here.

Hail the Heav'n-born Prince of Peace!
Hail the Sun of Righteouſneſs!
Light and Life to all he brings,
Ris'n with Healing in his Wings.

Mild he lays his Glory by,
Born, that Man no more may die;
Born, to raiſe the Sons of Earth;
Born, to give them ſecond Birth.

Come, Deſire of Nations come,
Fix in us thy humble Home;
Riſe, the Woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruiſe in us the Serpent's Head.

Adam's Likeneſs now efface,
Stamp thine Image in its Place;
Second *Adam* from above,
Reinſtate us in thy Love!

HYMN

HYMN CXXIX.

Another.

COME, thou long-expected JESUS,
Born to ſet thy People free,
From our Fears and Sins releaſe us,
Let us find our Reſt in Thee.
ISRAEL's Strength and Conſolation,
Hope of all the Earth Thou art,
Dear Deſire of ev'ry Nation,
Joy of ev'ry longing Heart!

Born, thy People to deliver;
Born a Child, and yet a King;
Born, to reign in us for ever,
Now thy gracious Kingdom bring.
By thine own eternal SPIRIT,
Rule in all our Hearts alone;
By thine all-ſufficient Merit
Raiſe us to thy glorious Throne.

HYMN CXXX.

For New-Year's Day. Luke xiii. 6——11.

THE LORD of Earth and Sky,
The GOD of Ages praiſe!
Who ſits enthron'd on high,
Antient of endleſs Days,
Who lengthens out our Trials here,
And ſpares us yet another Year.

Barren

Barren and wither'd Trees,
We cumber'd long the Ground,
No Fruit of Holineſs
On our dead Souls was found;
Yet did He us in Mercy ſpare
Another and another Year.

When Juſtice bar'd the Sword
To cut the Fig-Tree down,
The Pity of our LORD
Cry'd, "Let it ſtill alone."
The FATHER mild inclin'd his Ear,
And ſpar'd us yet another Year.

JESUS, thy ſprinkling Blood
From GOD obtain'd the Grace,
Who therefore hath beſtow'd
On us a longer Space:
Thou didſt on our Behalf appear,
And, lo, we ſee another Year!

Then dig about our Root,
Break up our Fallow-Ground,
And let increaſing Fruit
To thy great Praiſe abound:
O let us all thy Praiſe declare,
And Fruit unto Perfection bear.

HYMN

HYMN CXXXI.

Good-Friday.

HEARTS of Stone, relent, relent,
Break, by JESU's Cross subdu'd,
See his Body, mangled, rent,
Cover'd with a Gore of Blood!
Sinful Soul, what hast Thou done?
Murder'd GOD's eternal SON!

Yes, our Sins have done the Deed,
Drove the Nails that fix'd him there,
Crown'd with Thorns his sacred Head,
Pierc'd him with the Soldier's Spear;
Made his Soul a Sacrifice;
For a sinful World he dies!

Shall we let him die in vain?
Still to Death pursue our GOD!
Open tear his Wounds again,
Trample on his precious Blood?
No, with all our Sins we'd part,
SAVIOUR, give a broken Heart!

HYMN CXXXII.

RESURRECTION.

CHRIST the LORD is ris'n To-day!
Sons of Men and Angels say,
Raise your Joys and Triumphs high,
Sing ye Heav'ns, and Earth reply.

Love's redeeming Work is done,
Fought the Fight, the Battle won:
Lo! our Sun's Eclipſe is o'er,
Lo! He ſets in Blood no more.

Vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal,
CHRIST hath burſt the Gates of Hell;
Death in vain forbids his Riſe,
CHRIST hath open'd Paradiſe.

Lives again our glorious King,
Where, O Death, is now thy Sting!
Once He dy'd our Souls to ſave,
Where thy Victory, O Grave!

Soar we now where CHRIST has led,
Following our exalted Head,
Made like him, like Him we riſe,
Ours the Croſs, the Grave, the Skies.

What though once we periſh'd all,
Partners of our Parents' Fall?
Second Life we all receive,
In our Heav'nly ADAM live.

Hail! the LORD of Earth and Heav'n!
Praiſe to thee by both be giv'n!
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the RESURRECTION——THOU.

King of Glory! Soul of Bliſs!
Everlaſting Life is this—
Thee to know—Thy Pow'r to prove,
Thus to ſing, and thus to love.

HYMN CXXXIII.

Another.

THE Sun of Righteouſneſs appears
To ſet in Blood no more;
Adore the Scatt'rer of your Fears,
Your riſing Sun adore!

The Saints, when he reſign'd his Breath,
Unclos'd their ſleeping Eyes!
He breaks again the Bands of Death,
Again the Dead ariſe!

Alone the dreadful Race he ran,
Alone the Wine-Preſs trod;
He dy'd and ſuffer'd as a Man,
He riſes as a GOD!

In vain the Stone, the Watch, the Seal
Forbid an early Riſe,
To Him who breaks the Gates of Hell,
And opens Paradiſe.

HYMN CXXXIV.

Whitsunday. John xiv. 16—11.

JESU, we hang upon thy Word,
Our longing Souls have heard from Thee;
Be mindful of thy Promise, LORD!
Thy Promise made to all, and me,
The Foll'wers who thy Steps pursue,
And dare believe that GOD is true.

Thou saidst, I will the FATHER pray,
And He the COMFORTER shall give,
Shall give him in your Hearts to stay,
And never more his Temples leave:
Myself will to my Orphans come,
And make you mine eternal Home.

Come then, dear LORD! Thyself reveal,
And let the Promise now take Place!
Be it according to thy Will,
According to thy Word of Grace!
Thy sorrowful Disciples chear,
And send us down the COMFORTER.

He visits now the troubled Breast,
And oft relieves our sad Complaints;
But soon we lose the transient Guest;
But soon we droop again, and faint;
Repeat the melancholy Moan——
"Our Joy is fled, our Comfort gone!"

Hasten

Haſten him, LORD, into each Heart,
Our ſure inſeparable Guide:
O might we meet, and never part!
O might He in our Hearts abide!
And keep his Houſe of Praiſe and Pray'r,
And reſt and reign for ever—There.

HYMN CXXXV.

Another.

O HOLY GHOST, give me a Part
In the REDEEMER's Blood;
And bear Thy Witneſs with my Heart,
That I am born of GOD.

Thou art the Earneſt of His Love,
The Pledge of Joys to come:
May thy bleſt Wings, celeſtial Dove,
Convey me ſafely Home.

HYMN CXXXVI.

To the HOLY GHOST.

COME, HOLY GHOST, our Souls inſpire
And lighten with celeſtial Fire,
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who doſt thy ſev'nfold Gifts impart.
Thy bleſſed Unction from above,
Is Comfort, Life, and Fire of Love;
Enable with perpetual Light,
The Dulneſs of our blinded Sight.
Anoint and chear our ſoiled Face
With the Abundance of thy Grace.

Keep far our Foes, give Peace at Home!
Where Thou art Guide no Ill can come.
Teach us to know the FATHER, SON,
And Thee of both to be but ONE;
That through the Ages all along,
This, this may be our endless Song——

Praise GOD from whom all Blessings flow;
Praise him all Creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly Host;
Praise FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST.

HYMN CXXXVII.

Trinity Sunday.

WE give Immortal Praise
To GOD the FATHER's Love,
For all our Comforts here,
And better Hopes above.
He sent his own
Eternal Son,
To die for Sins
That Man had done.

To GOD the SON belongs
Immortal Glory too,
Who bought us with his Blood
From Everlasting Woe.
And now he lives,
And now he reigns,
And sees the Fruit
Of all his Pains.

To

To God the Spirit's Name
Immortal Worſhip give,
Who's new-creating Pow'r
Makes the dead Sinner live;
His Work compleats
The great Deſign,
And fills the Soul
With Joy divine.

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endleſs Honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the myſterious One!
Where Reaſon fails
With all her Pow'rs,
Where Faith prevails
And Love adores.

HYMN CXXXVIII.

On the Lord's Day.

SWEET is the Work, O God, our King,
To praiſe thy Name, give Thanks and ſing,
Sweet is the Day of ſacred Reſt,
No mortal Care ſhould ſeize our Breaſt.

Our Hearts would triumph in Thee, Lord,
And bleſs thy Works and bleſs thy Word;
Thy Works of Grace how bright they ſhine,
How deep thy Counſels! how divine!

O may we ſee, and hear, and know,
What Mortals cannot reach below;
May all our Pow'rs find ſweet Employ
In CHRIST's eternal World of Joy!

HYMN CXXXIX.

Public Worſhip.

LORD, we come before Thee now,
At thy Feet we humbly bow:
Oh! do not our Suit diſdain,
Shall we ſeek Thee, LORD, in vain?

LORD, on Thee our Souls depend;
In Compaſſion now deſcend:
Fill our Hearts with thy rich Grace,
Tune our Lips to ſing thy Praiſe.

In thine own appointed Way
Now we ſeek Thee—here we ſtay;
LORD, we know not how to go
'Till a Bleſſing Thou beſtow.

Send ſome Meſſage from thy Word,
That may Joy and Peace afford;
Let thy SPIRIT now impart
Full Salvation to each Heart.

Comfort thoſe who weep and mourn,
Let the Time of Joy return;
Thoſe that are caſt down lift up,
Make them ſtrong in Faith and Hope!

Grant

Grant that all may ſeek and find
Thee a GOD ſincere and kind;
Heal the Sick, the Captive free,
Let us all rejoice in Thee.

HYMN CXL.

JESUS, knit all our Hearts to Thee,
And join us all in one;
And in our Meetings ev'ry where
Be Thou our Aim alone.

Reign Thou ſole Monarch of our Hearts,
And we as Sinners lie
Before the Feet of Thee, our LORD,
To all Eternity.

HYMN CXLI.

Sacramental Hymns.

FAITHFUL Bridegroom, holy LAMB,
By thy Church beloved;
Manifeſt thy ſweeteſt Name
To each Heart approved.

Crown this Ordinance of Thine
With a ſolemn Bleſſing;
Let our Feaſt be all divine,
Each thyſelf poſſeſſing.

Let thy Fleſh afford us Food
Ev'ry Grace to ſtrengthen;
Let our Drink be JESU's Blood,
Nature's Pow'r to weaken.

Cauſe

Cauſe that bleeding Sacrifice,
Once for Sinner's given,
To appear before our Eyes,
Earneſt of our Heaven.

We partake the Bread and Wine,
Seals of our Profeſſion;
Of the inward Grace the Sign,
Symbols of thy Paſſion.

We commemorate thy Death,
While we are receiving,
Feeding in our Hearts by Faith,
With unfeign'd Thankſgiving.

HYMN CXLII.

LAMB of God, whoſe bleeding Love
We thus recall to Mind,
Send the Anſwer from above,
And let us Mercy find;
Think on us who think on Thee,
And ev'ry ſtruggling Soul releaſe;
O remember *Calvary*
And bid us go in Peace.

By thine agonizing Pain
And bloody Sweat we pray,
By thy dying Love to Man,
Take all our Sins away:

Burſt

Burſt our Bonds, and ſet us free,
From all Iniquity releaſe;
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace.

Let thy Blood by Faith apply'd,
The Sinner's Pardon ſeal,
Speak us freely juſtify'd,
And all our Sickneſs heal:
By thy Paſſion on the Tree
Let all our Griefs and Troubles ceaſe;
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace.

Never let us hence depart
Till Thou our Wants relieve,
Write Forgiveneſs in our Heart,
And all thine Image give:
May our Souls ſtill cry to Thee
Till perfected in Holineſs;
O remember *Calvary*,
And bid us go in Peace.

HYMN CXLIII.

COME, HOLY GHOST, ſet to thy Seal,
Thine inward Witneſs give,
To all our waiting Souls reveal
The Death by which we live.

Spectators of the Pangs divine,
O that we now may be;
Discerning in the sacred Sign
His Passion on the Tree.

Repeat the SAVIOUR's dying Cry
In ev'ry Heart so loud,
That ev'ry Heart may now reply,
"This was the SON of GOD."

HYMN CXLIV.

LAMB of GOD, for whom we languish,
Make thy Grief our Relief,
Ease us by thine Anguish.

O, our agonizing SAVIOUR!
By thy Pain, let us gain
GOD's eternal Favour!

In thine own Appointments bless us,
Meet us here, now appear,
Our Almighty JESUS!

Let the Ordinance be sealing,
Enter now, claim us Thou
For thy constant Dwelling.

Fill the Heart of each Believer;
We are thine, LOVE divine,
Reign in us for ever.

HYMN

HYMN CXLV.

IN JESUS we live, in JESUS we rest,
And thankful receive his dying Request;
The Cup of Salvation his Mercy bestows,
And from his dear Passion our Happiness flows.

With mystical Wine He comforts us here,
And gladly we join till JESUS appear,
With hearty Thanksgiving his Death to record,
The Living, the Living, shall sing of the LORD.

He hallow'd the Cup which now we receive,
The Pledge of our Hope with JESUS to live,
(Where Sorrow and Sadness shall never be found)
With Glory and Gladness eternally crown'd.

The Fruit of the Vine (the Joy it implies)
Again we shall join to drink in the Skies,
Exult in his Favour, our triumph renew,
And I, saith the SAVIOUR, will drink it with you.

HYMN CXLVI.

FATHER, GOD, who seest in me
Only Sin and Misery;
See thine own anointed One,
Look on thy beloved SON.

Turn from me thy glorious Eyes
To that bloody Sacrifice,
To the full Atonement made,
To the utmost Ransom paid.

To

To the Blood that ſpeaks above,
Calls for thy forgiving Love:
To the Tokens of his Death,
Here exhibited beneath.

Hear his Blood's prevailing Cry,
Let thy Bowels then reply;
Then through Him the Sinner ſee,
Then in JESUS look on *me*.

HYMN CXLVII.

Epheſ. iii. 17, *&c.*

COME, JESUS, come, deſcend and dwell,
By Faith with Love, in ev'ry Breaſt;
Then ſhall we know, and taſte, and feel
The Joys that cannot be expreſt.

Come, fill our Hearts with inward Strength,
Make our enlarged Souls poſſeſs,
And learn the Heighth, and Breadth, and Length
Of thine unmeaſurable Grace.

Now to the GOD, whoſe Pow'r can do
More than our Thoughts or Wiſhes know,
Be everlaſting Honours done
By all the Church, through CHRIST his SON.

HYMN CXLVIII.

ALL Glory and Praiſe
To the ANTIENT of DAYS,
Who was born, and was ſlain to redeem a loſt Race.

Salvation

Salvation to God,
Who carried our Load,
And purchas'd our Peace with the Price of his Blood.

And ſhall He not have
The Lives which He gave,
Such an infinite Ranſom for ever to ſave?

Yes, Lord, we are Thine,
And gladly reſign
Our Souls to be fill'd with the Fullneſs divine.

We'd yield Thee thine own,
We'd ſerve Thee alone,
Thy Will upon Earth as in Heaven be done.

How, when ſhall it be,
We cannot foreſee;
But, Oh! let us live, let us die unto Thee!

HYMN CXLIX.

OUR Shepherd alone,
The Lord, let us bleſs,
Who reigns on the Throne,
The Prince of our Peace;
Who evermore ſaves us
By ſhedding his Blood;
All Hail, holy Jesus,
Our Lord and our God!

We daily will ſing
  Thy Merits, thy Praiſe,
Thou merciful Spring
  Of Pity and Grace.
Thy Kindneſs for ever
  To Men we will tell,
And ſay, our dear SAVIOUR
  Redeems us from Hell.

Preſerve us in Love
  While here we abide;
Nor ever remove,
  Nor cover, nor hide
Thy glorious Salvation,
  Till joyful we ſee
The beautiful Viſion
  Completed in Thee!

HYMN CL.

At Diſmiſſion.

FATHER, through thy SON, receive
  Our grateful Sacrifice,
All the Wants of All that live
  Thine open Hand ſupplies:
Fills the World with plenteous Food—
  For the Riches of thy Grace,
Take Thou, univerſal King;
  The univerſal Praiſe.

HYMN

HYMN CLI.

COME, Thou Almighty King,
Help us thy Name to ſing,
Help us to praiſe!
FATHER all glorious,
O'er all victorious,
Come and reign over us,
ANTIENT OF DAYS!

JESUS, our LORD, ariſe,
Scatter our Enemies,
And make them fall!
Let thine Almighty Aid
Our ſure Defence be made,
Our Souls on Thee be ſtay'd;
LORD hear our Call!

Come, Thou incarnate WORD,
Gird on thy mighty Sword;
Our Pray'r attend!
Come! and thy People bleſs,
And give thy Word Succeſs,
SPIRIT of Holineſs,
On us deſcend!

Come holy COMFORTER,
Thy ſacred Witneſs bear,
In this glad Hour!
Thou who almighty art,
Now rule in ev'ry Heart,
And ne'er from us depart,
SPIRIT OF POW'R!

To the great ONE IN THREE
Eternal Praiſes be
Hence evermore!
His ſov'reign Majeſty
May we in Glory ſee,
And to Eternity
Love and adore.

HYMN CLII.

O FATHER of Heav'n, be ever ador'd!
Thy Mercy we find in ſending our LORD,
To ranſom and bleſs us; thy Goodneſs we praiſe
For ſending, in JESUS, Salvation by Grace.

O SON of his Love! who deignedſt to die
Our Curſe to remove, our Pardon to buy;
Accept our Thankſgiving, Almighty to ſave,
Who openeſt Heaven to all that believe.

O SPIRIT of Love, of Health, and of Pow'r!
Thy working we prove; thy Grace we adore,
Whoſe inward Revealing applies our LORD's Blood,
Atteſting and ſealing us Children of GOD.

Praiſe

Praiſe God from whom all Bleſſings flow,
Praiſe Him all Creatures here below;
Praiſe Him above, ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Praiſe Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

Hail holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endleſs Praiſe to Thee!
Supreme, eſſential One, ador'd
In coeternal Three.

Sing we to our God above,
Praiſe, eternal as his Love:
Praiſe him all ye heav'nly Hoſt,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

To God, who reigns enthron'd on High,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
Our Guilt and Mis'ry to remove,
To that bleſt Sp'rit, who Life imparts,
Who rules in all believing Hearts,
Be endleſs Glory, Praiſe, and Love.

Give to the Father Praiſe,
Give Glory to the Son,
And to the Spirit of his Grace
Be equal Honour done.

Almighty

Almighty God, to Thee
Be endless Honours done;
The undivided Three,
And the mysterious One!
Where Reason fails
With all her Pow'rs,
There Faith prevails,
And Love adores.

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